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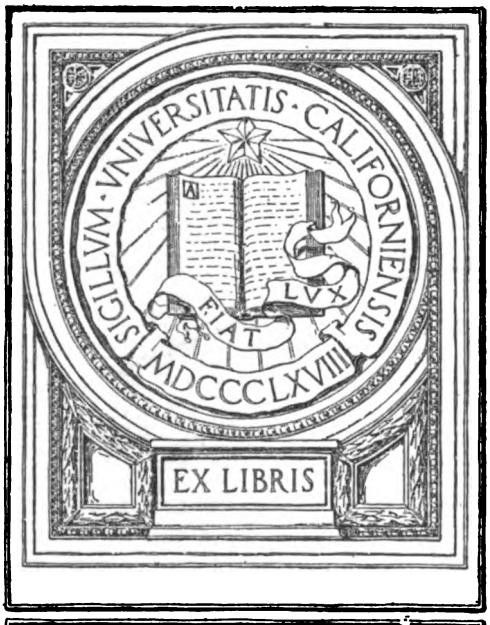

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OF THE
BOHEMIAN CLUB

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Of Volumes I, II, and III of this Collected Edition of

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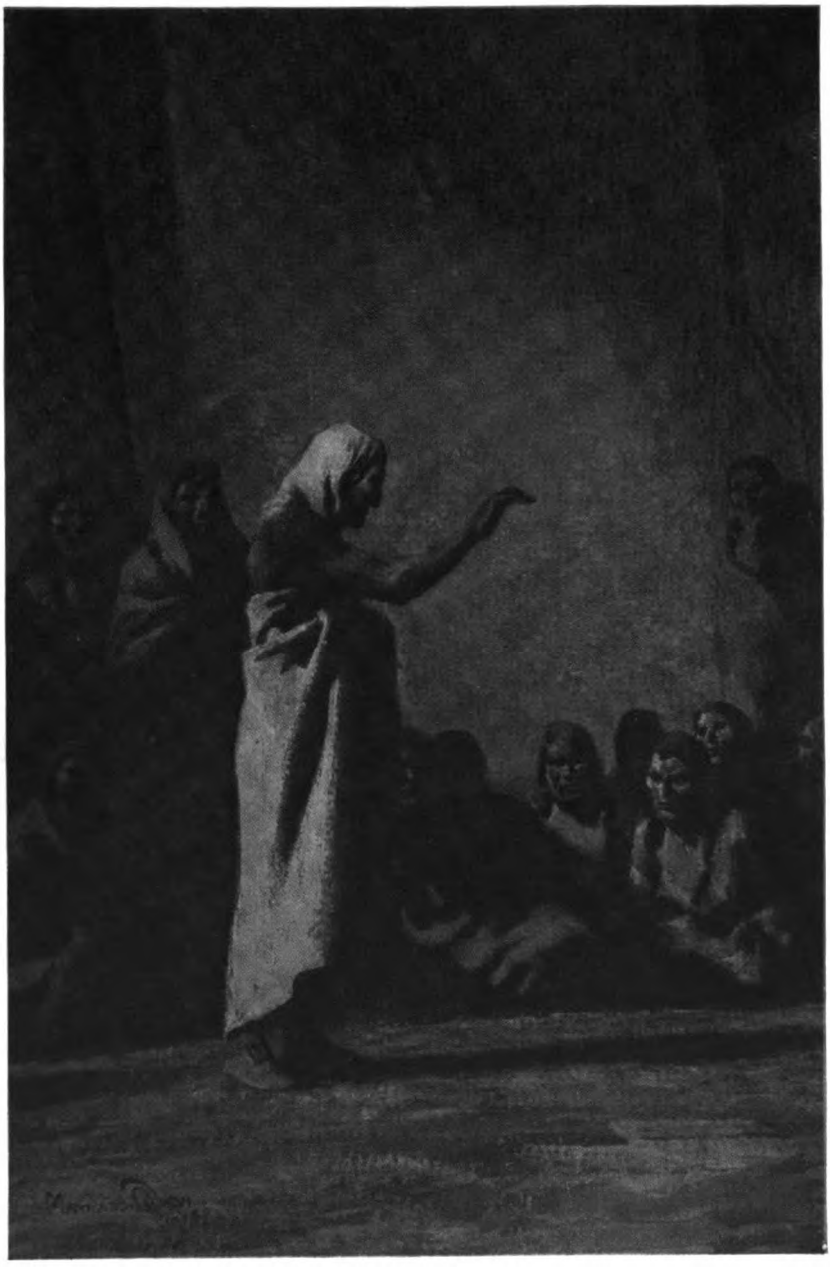

THE MAN IN THE FOREST

THE HISTORIAN NARRATES THE LEGEND

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The GROVE PLAYS *of* THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
PORTER GARNETT

VOLUME I

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In Memoriam

· NEWTON JOHN THARP ·

✠

· MAY 12 · 1909 ·

· LOUIS ALEXANDER ROBERTSON ·

✠

· JUNE 21 · 1910 ·

· HERMAN PERLÊT ·

✠

· JANUARY 7 · 1916 ·

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NOTE ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS

It has been found impossible to include photographic illustrations of all the grove plays because, prior to 1908, when the practice of holding dress rehearsals in the daytime was begun, the only pictures taken of the plays were made by flashlight during the performance. Of these the only one suitable for reproduction was that of "The Hamadryads," in which the characteristic night effect, on stage and hillside (the latter being unillumined), is shown.

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INTRODUCTION

FOR THE PAST thirty-nine years (that is to say, since 1879), the Bohemian Club has held annually, among the big trees of California's redwood forests, an open-air festival, literary, dramatic, and musical, originally known as the "midsummer high jinks," but, since 1902, when, as will be hereinafter shown, it entered upon a new phase, called the "grove play."

The present collected edition of sixteen plays has been made primarily for purposes of record, some of the plays not having been previously printed ("The Man in the Forest"—1902, "Montezuma"—1903, and "The Owl and Care"—1906), while others are, in the original editions issued at the time of production, no longer available. The present edition contemplates also the supplying of the texts of plays they have not seen to the newer members of the Club, and the serving of future authors and composers of grove plays with information which may assist their endeavors. Discovering here what has been done, they will know what, in the interest of originality, to avoid.

For the benefit of these and because the membership at large takes in the Club's principal activity both interest and pride, it has been deemed advisable to preface these volumes with an historical account of the productions and their development, which, it may be urged, is further justified by the fact that whatever shortcomings these votive plays (if judged rigidly by intellectual rather than by sentimental values) may reveal, they constitute a more than appreciable part of the total productiveness of America in the poetic drama.

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On June 29, 1878, something less than one hundred members of the Bohemian Club betook themselves to Taylorville (now Camp Taylor), Sonoma County, and held that evening, in the woods near by, a sort of nocturnal picnic. The outing was arranged for the purpose of bidding farewell to Mr. Henry Edwards, actor, entomologist, and sometime president of the Club.

Now, the Bohemian Club had, almost since its founding in 1872, held monthly entertainments called "high jinks" (the "low jinks" were a later evolution) in the San Francisco club-house. For these occasions the "sire" (a title bestowed upon the master of ceremonies) selected a subject upon which he invited members of his own choosing to read papers or poems, and summoned the Club by proclamation to attend the jinks, over which, when the time came, it was his duty to preside. The affair at Taylorville, with Mr. Edwards as sire, was the first outdoor jinks.

The first midsummer high jinks

In the following year, Mr. Hugh M. Burke conceived the idea of conducting a high jinks among the redwoods, and on June 28, 1879, the first "midsummer high jinks" in the redwoods, with Mr. Burke as sire, was duly held.[1] The exercises consisted of an address of welcome, some casual singing, and two speeches. Everybody then walked up the cañon to inspect a waterfall that had been decorated with Japanese lanterns.

From this small beginning have grown in the course of years the elaborate, complex, and impressive productions which now take place in "The Grove."[2]

Origin of the Cremation of Care

At the midsummer high jinks of 1880 (W. H. L. Barnes, sire), the late Frederick M. Somers originated the now traditional ceremony of the Cremation of Care.

[1] This jinks, because it was the first to be held in the redwoods, as have been all of the subsequent midsummer jinks and grove plays, has been usually, though not invariably, regarded as the first of the series, and the later jinks have been numbered accordingly.

[2] The Bohemian Grove, situated on the Russian River, near Guerneville, became the property of the Club by purchase in 1899. It consisted originally of 160 acres, subsequent purchases increasing this to 810 acres.

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For thirty-two years following its institution, the ceremony of the Cremation of Care was conducted immediately after the high jinks or grove play, of which it was in a certain way the culmination. It imposed, in fact, upon the plays a positive restriction inasmuch as the necessity of providing a *raison d'être* for the cremation called for the introduction in the plays of the malign character of Care who, in one guise or another, stalked through the plot bringing woe in his train until vanquished and slain by some avenging power of goodness and right. This interdependence between the play and the ceremony of cremation was first ruptured in "St. Patrick at Tara" (1909), in which play the death, not of Care nor his simulacrum, but of a "victim of Care," provided the tragic element. In 1915 the cremation of Care was completely dissociated from the grove play and was held at the beginning of the two-weeks' encampment preceding the performance of "The Fall of Ug." This separation has since been maintained, but even in the most recent grove plays vestiges of the Care tradition will be found to persist.

Development of the composite jinks

During the eighties the midsummer high jinks, though regarded as increasingly important and growing somewhat in scope, did not develop any new characteristics. In the nineties, however, a new phase was evolved which may be thus described: The sire, having devised a plan or framework, would invite some of his fellow-members to clothe the skeleton, which they did by contributing original papers or poems, by singing songs and providing musical interludes. These various elements were woven together in a more or less impromptu fashion (that is to say, without careful rehearsal) as parts of a ritualistic or dramatic performance given in costume and with the aid of spectacular effects.

Such a jinks was that given in 1892 by Frederick M. Somers and called "The Sermon of the Myriad Leaves" or Buddha Jinks. In the following year Mr. Joseph D.

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Redding contrived "The Sacrifice in the Forest" or Druid Jinks, which possessed the continuity essential to formal drama.

The same formula was followed quite generally up to and including the year 1901 when Dr. J. Dennis Arnold achieved in "The Enigma of Life" a result more homogeneous and formal and more closely approaching the play type than had any previous jinks, with the exception of Mr. Redding's "The Sacrifice in the Forest." This jinks was still of the composite order (that is to say, the principal speeches were written by the persons who delivered them) and such music as was used was not especially composed for the occasion.

The formalism of this, the last midsummer high jinks, constituted a stepping-stone for the grove play which was about to emerge.

The first grove play

In 1902, Mr. Redding, who had already made, as we have seen, a constructive contribution to the development of the jinks with his "The Sacrifice in the Forest," was appointed to the sireship of the jinks for that year. Circumstances compelled him later to withdraw, but he agreed to be responsible for the musical part of the undertaking and to compose for it an original number. Mr. Richard M. Hotaling was then made the sire.[1] The idea of using an Indian theme was suggested to him by the late Thomas Rickard, and in due time he evolved a plan and laid it before the then president of the Club, Mr. Frank P. Deering, and the secretary, Mr. Charles K. Field. The setting was to be an Indian village and the action involved the taking of a captive who should prove to represent Bohemia, and who would deliver the message of Bohemia,

[1] The sires of the grove plays have, in most instances, been the authors; the exceptions to this rule being Mr. Hotaling, in 1902, and (in the absence of Mr. Will Irwin, the author of "The Hamadryads") Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, in 1904. After the production, in 1913, of "The Fall of Ug," of which Mr. Rufus Steele was the author and sire, the title of sire (for the grove plays) was abolished as implying a preferment of the writers over the composers, the contributions of the latter being as considerable and as taxing as those of their literary collaborators.

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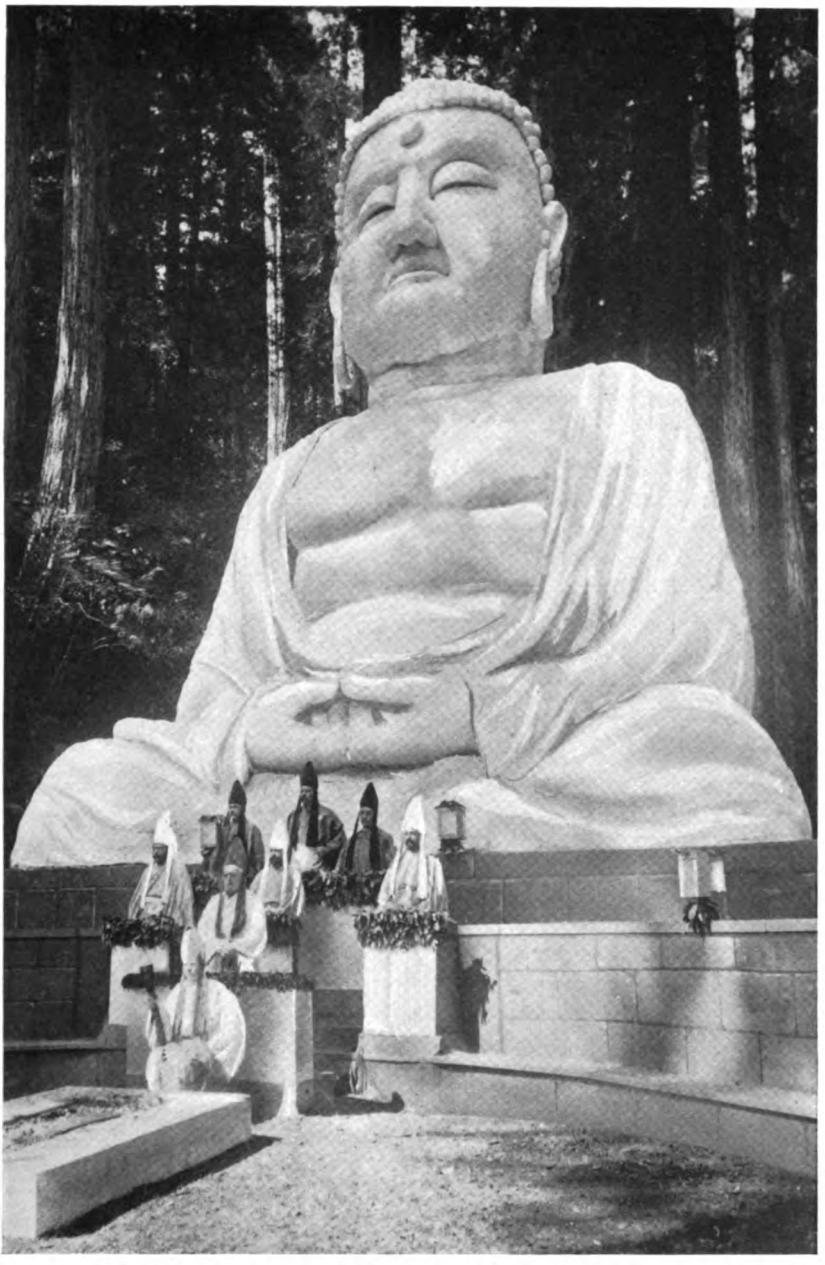

THE FOURTEENTH MIDSUMMER HIGH JINKS
"THE SERMON OF THE MYRIAD LEAVES"
FRED. M. SOMERS, SIRE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892

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expounding the doctrine of that enlightened brotherhood. Mr. Field agreed to write the text necessary to present the action and the arguments, but declared that he did not as yet see in the scheme a definite plot. In an effort to overcome this difficulty Mr. Hotaling related an Indian legend, which had been told to him by Mr. Amédée Joullin as current among the tribes of the Southwest. The story was of a despairing tribe in a land afflicted with drought, who were visited by a stranger, a man unlike themselves, having light hair and white skin, who, by magic summons, brought up corn from the parched earth and game to the deserted water-courses. The legend supplied Mr. Field with the desired plot, and upon it he built "The Man in the Forest, A Legend of the Tribe," the first midsummer high jinks to be written by one rather than by many hands.

Mr. Redding meanwhile had entered into the plan with enthusiasm, and was busy preparing his original composition in keeping with the Indian theme. Various effects were planned, among them a storm, for which music from Rossini's "William Tell" was to serve. When, however, the complete action of what had now taken on the character of a play was communicated to the composer, he avowed his determination to write all of the music, and a a play written entirely by one member of the Club, with music composed entirely by another, was the result.

I am indebted to Mr. Field for the information (crystallized from vague memories and authenticated by his colleagues) contained in the foregoing statement, and I have set it forth at some length because of its significant bearing upon the series of plays of which "The Man in the Forest" was the genesis.

It will be seen that the birth of the Bohemian grove play was in reality a quite fortuitous occurrence. Had Mr. Field not been minded to write a complete book, or had Mr. Redding adhered to his original purpose of contributing only a single musical number, the composite type of

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"high jinks," with selected music, might have prevailed to the present day. It is interesting, also, to speculate upon what might have happened had Mr. Field's play taken form without the coadjuvancy of a musician. It is not improbable that, but for Mr. Redding's influence and zeal, the musical element in the grove plays would have been subordinated to the literary and spectacular elements instead of being maintained, as it has been, upon a parity with the other factors.

It is now sixteen years since the first grove play was produced. The plays given during this period have presented many interesting phenomena. They have exhibited, for example, the methods employed by the various authors to fit their works into the peculiar physical conditions of the forest theatre with its hillside stage, and the manner in which they have sought to interpret the spirit of "The Grove."

The term Grove spirit is at best an illusive one, connoting as it does a wide range of implications from an ordinary and traditional sentiment to those subtle æsthetic reactions which the possibilities for the creation of art that reside in the place arouse. It is the Grove spirit that produces the grove play, an art-work for presentation in a theatre completely and happily independent of all extra-æsthetic considerations of popular or commercial success; an art-work of which the author is absolute autocrat, not only of its literary content, but of the production itself, provided he has the technical knowledge and experience necessary to make him independent of a stage-manager. It is such an opportunity as this that the Bohemian Club gives to its members—an opportunity which, it would seem safe to say, is not to be found anywhere else in the world. But the Bohemian Club is able to give this opportunity because, and only because, of its Grove, which, through its acquisition by the Club, was saved from destruction, and which may be said to crystallize for its

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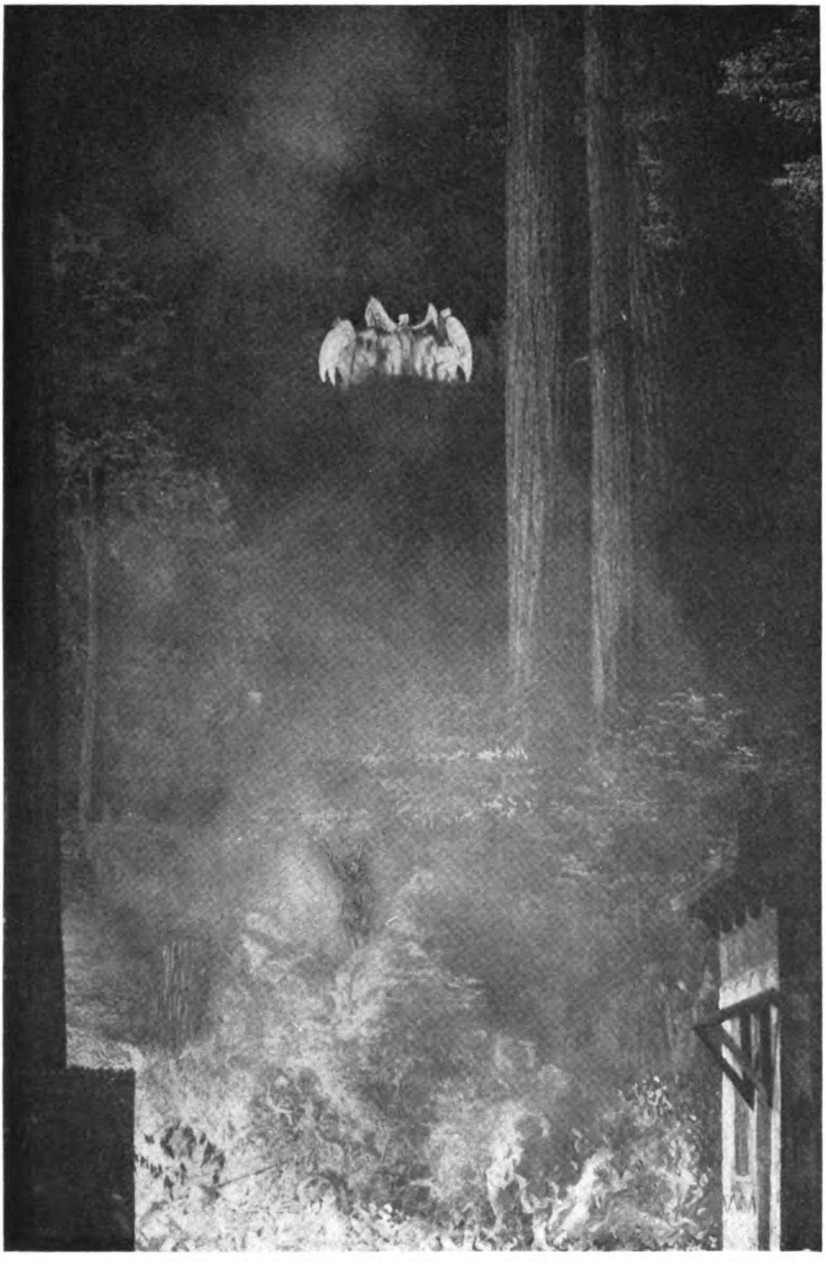

THE NINETEENTH MIDSUMMER HIGH JINKS—"FAUST"

H. J. STEWART, SIRE, JULY 24, 1897

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devotees, in some spiritual sense, the universal love of nature, and to concentrate that love within itself. It is not so much that the Bohemian Club possesses a certain number of acres of forest land, but that it possesses a certain portion of nature—a certain portion of beauty.

It is the Grove spirit that has spurred the musicians and writers of the Club to undertake the labor of producing its grove plays—labor of such magnitude that many wonder how so much effort and enthusiasm can be expended upon plays which are not only produced but once, but which are so shaped to the conditions of the grove theatre that a repetition elsewhere (even were it desired, which it is not) would be impossible.[1] It is the Grove spirit that induces the actors and those who assist in the production—from the stage-director to the man who plants a fern on the hillside—to do each his quota of the labor, to perform each his service for the cause, the cause of beauty.[2] It is this condition, foreign to the practices of professionalism, that goes far toward upholding the æsthetic standard of the Bohemian productions. Lastly, it is the Grove spirit that makes a certain number of the audience—by reason of their possession or their apprehension of it—feel that they are participants in a rite, *not* spectators at an entertainment.

[1] No grove play, with the exception of "The Atonement of Pan" (1912), has ever been given more than a single performance. A repetition in the Grove of this play, to which, for the first time in the history of the grove plays, ladies were admitted, was held on August 24, 1912, two weeks following the original production.

[2] In service of the Club no member has been more prodigal of his ability and of himself than Mr. Frank L. Mathieu who has acted as director of almost all of the grove plays, none more faithful than Mr. Edward J. Duffey who has developed and superintended the unique lighting system of the grove stage, whilst in work other than that connected with the theatre, Mr. Vanderlynn Stow, Mr. William Letts Oliver, and Mr. Edward H. Benjamin, as members of the Grove and Camp committees, have been unremitting in their unselfish labor.

It implies no failure to appreciate the loyalty of others if among the many participants in the grove plays the names of some are singled out as having assumed frequently the more arduous roles, Mr. Richard M. Hotaling, Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, Mr. William H. Smith, Judge Henry J. Melvin, and Mr. Charles K. Field; nor is the faithful service of other chorus members called into question by recording here the fact that Mr. W. P. Nielsen of the Bohemian Club chorus has taken part in every midsummer high jinks and grove play for the past thirty-three years.

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The different types of grove plays

The most interesting characteristics manifested in the development of the grove plays are, first, their form and second, the manner in which the tastes and inclinations of the authors—now classic, now romantic—have been expressed in types of plays, which are readily classifiable.

There are four types of grove plays, which may be grouped as follows:

Romantic-Realistic	Romantic-Idealistic
The Man in the Forest	*The Hamadryads*
The Owl and Care[1]	*The Triumph of Bohemia*
The Cave Man	*The Green Knight*
The Fall of Ug	
Nec-Natama	
The Land of Happiness	
Historical	**Mythological**
Montezuma	*The Quest of the Gorgon*
St. Patrick at Tara	*The Sons of Baldur*
Gold[2]	*The Atonement of Pan*
	Apollo

Trend toward a new form

On the occasion of the production of "The Hamadryads," in 1904, I alluded to the marked trend toward "a new art form" exhibited in that play. I have abundant reason for doubting that my meaning was generally understood, for since that time the term "new form" has been applied with the greatest looseness and impertinence (in the stricter sense of the word) to all the grove plays. In point of fact—except for certain peculiarities of shape imposed by the local conditions—no tendency toward a new form is to be found in the majority of the grove plays, which derive directly from established types of the drama.

The trend toward a new form that appeared in "The Hamadryads" was again manifest in Mr. Sterling's play,

[1] The second episode of "The Owl and Care" falls under the romantic-idealistic classification.

[2] The Prologue of "Gold" falls under the romantic-idealistic classification.

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THE STAGE IN DAYTIME (1911)

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"The Triumph of Bohemia" (1907). It will be noted that these two plays are of the romantic-idealistic type. They are essentially imaginative in plot and employ only supernatural characters or, as in Mr. Sterling's play, certain mortals removed from the realm of the spectator's universe by the magic of poetry. They differ from the plays of the romantic-realistic type in that the latter, although imaginative in plot, seek to depict *realistically* the facts of human experience. As pointed out in the preface to "The Green Knight" (1911),[1] I endeavored in that play "to carry on the trend toward form implicit in 'The Hamadryads' and 'The Triumph of Bohemia.'"

The ritualistic element

The ritualistic element that appears in some of the grove plays is their most precious heritage from the earlier festivals of the Club. It is the recrudescence of the spirit of the essentially ritualistic Greek drama; the most nearly complete realization of the dream of free art.

The ritual is expressed through the Care motive, the Bohemia or Preserver motive, and the Brotherhood motive. The first of these, to which allusion has already been made, is commonly introduced by a character in the play symbolizing the Spirit of Care. Again and again, through the fabric of poetry, music, and spectacle, this maleficent spirit obtrudes his hideous presence, uttering threats and vituperation, only to be discomfited and slain in the end by some god or hero symbolizing goodness and right, who is the savior of the grove and its denizens. The Preserver motive enters in the person of the conqueror of Care. The Brotherhood motive is usually presented in a speech by this central character or some other, forming a peroration at or near the end of the play, in which the philosophic purpose or message of the play is expressed.

Although the drama and the opera were the progenitors of the grove plays, those that fall into the romantic-idealistic

[1] Vol. II, p. 155, *infra*.

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Analogies with the masque

class bear a greater resemblance to the masque. We find, therefore, an independent occurrence of a masque-like entertainment, brought about in California in the first years of the twentieth century by an entirely different set of conditions than those which gave rise four hundred years ago to the original examples of the genre.

Although the masque became in time an outmoded form, in certain masque-like plays, notably "The Tempest" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," it has survived the centuries since it flourished. In France it has persisted in the form of the *ballet d'action*. With the modern revival of pageantry, the masque has once more come into its own. Not only have there been original masques on the Jonsonian model, such as "Beauty's Awakening," produced in the Guildhall, London, in 1899, but the past five or six years has seen the development in America of a new type of masque, of which the most notable examples are Mr. Percy MacKaye's "The Masque of Saint Louis" (1914) and the same author's "Caliban" (1916).

The alliance of drama and music

The Bohemian high jinks and grove plays were among the first modern parallels of the masque, and in "The Hamadryads" we actually see the prefiguration of a new genre.

Broadly speaking and without longer confining these considerations to the masque type of grove plays, the distinguishing characteristic of all the grove plays is their employment of the musical element.[1]

The Bohemian grove plays are, in fact, melodramas, in the older sense of that term which is defined by Grove as "A play—generally of the Romantic school—in which the

[1] The association of music with the drama is, of course, as old as the drama itself. It ranges through the Greek drama, the Roman pantomime and its derivatives, the mediæval miracle-plays, the sixteenth century plays of Hans Sachs and Jakob Ayrer, such precursers of true opera as "The Beggar's Opera," "The Magic Chest," etc., the *singspiel* and *liederspiel*, opera and music-drama in all their forms from Peri and Wagner to the modern excursions of Debussy and Satie, the declamations of Schumann, the melologues of Berlioz, and such early "melodramas" as the *Ariadne auf Naxos* of Georg Benda and the *Pygmalion* of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIEL MOULIN

THE CREMATION OF CARE (1907)

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dialogue is frequently relieved by music, sometimes of an incidental and sometimes of a purely dramatic character." The same authority makes a distinction between melodrama and opera as follows: "In musical plays, melodramas, the musical portions may be omitted without interrupting the progress of the action, whilst in opera they form integral and essential portions of it."

So much has been and can be said against the "reprehensible æsthetic character" of that "unsatisfactory bastard species," melodrama or declamation with illustrative music,[1] that in cleaving to it the Bohemian Club challenges criticism. Experience has proved that the alliance between music and drama in the grove plays has been not only successful but artistic, as an examination of the notes on the music which accompany the plays will reveal. But let two commentators on the grove plays speak.

In *Musical America* for October 16, 1909, Mr. Arthur Farwell wrote:

Mr. Arthur Farwell's comments

The far-famed Bohemian Club of San Francisco has held its thirty-second annual "Midsummer High Jinks." ["St. Patrick of Tara," the seventh grove play, 1909.] Ever farther throughout the civilized world the fame of the great high jinks is traveling, but most persons still know but vaguely what it is that happens annually at the full of the August moon at the Bohemian Grove of giant redwoods, in Sonoma County, California. Those who are not present cannot realize the wonder of this majestic event. Those who are cannot easily communicate it.

What, then, is this midsummer high jinks? One dare not say. Any imaginable word, any carefully planned definition would but belittle it. It is the unveiling of the Deity who presides over Bohemia. It is the archtype of human life glorified—art at its highest, enshrined in nature at her most magnificent, created and shared by brothers. It is no more the spectacle which is beheld than the spectators who behold it. It is no more the visible features of the event than the invisible spell which enfolds it. This spell cannot be told—it must be felt. As one feels it, it is simple and vast, a single exalted emotion, but one not hitherto experienced. It is like a miracle—a dream come true. Yet, simple as it is, many elements of the greatest imaginable diversity have gone to its making. Lacking any one of these elements, it would not be what it

[1] See Author's Preface to "The Green Knight," Vol. II, pp. 156 and 161 ff., *infra*.

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is. Like Venice, like the Renaissance, like the glory that was Greece—the midsummer high jinks is—*itself*, and has no counterpart. Many things join at this shrine of Bohemia to make it one of the wonders of the world

Is this music, then, so great, so wonderful—you ask, who are a musician? Stop right there. You are on the wrong track. The midsummer high jinks is not the music. The music is all that it needs to be to lend music's wonder to the total wonder. It is the best music that good composers can produce. It is often excellent in a high degree, and it is sometimes surpassingly good, of a beauty and character ideally befitting the circumstance. Again you ask, is the drama, too, so remarkable—would it compel recognition alongside other dramas on other stages? Again you are on the wrong track. This drama is made for this spot, it is redolent of the soul of this spot. It has precisely that in it which enhances the glory of this aspect of nature, of this circumstance and its attendant traditions. It is a form as specially designed for a particular, albeit a great, circumstance as was the new literary form which Wagner created as a basis for his music dramas. Literary men of splendid attainments have given their best to it.

In "The Civic Theatre" (New York, Mitchell Kennerley, 1912), Mr. Percy MacKaye thus records his impressions of a grove play:

Mr. Percy MacKaye's impressions

About the full of the moon of August, 1908, it was my privilege to be invited with my friend, Charles Rann Kennedy, as a guest of the Bohemian Club, to spend some days in the club's redwood grove, and to witness "The Sons of Baldur," by Mr. Herman Scheffauer, the grove play of that season.

After three magical dawns, mysterious noons, divine midnights, spent in fellowship with the noble pagan brotherhood of that natural monastery, steeped in the sylvan seclusion of three thousand years, I found myself, by moonlight, seated between Kennedy and Scheffauer on one of the giant logs that form the seats of the forest auditorium, facing the cañon hillside which forms the stage. Above us, interminable tree-boles touched the stars. Around us, robed and cowled like ourselves in red and black, huddled the unbelievable audience. Before us, from the glow-worm lights of a pit, rose the prelusive magic of violins. Slowly then, as the overture waned, out of a moon-flecked darkness waxed an imaginary world. Of plot, or theme, or episode, I was only half aware—held by the grandeur that gripped the throat and stung the spirit by its keen beauty. At times, almost intolerably, I felt the impulse to put my brow to the earth, like an aboriginal. I remember that, for an instant—some two hundred feet in mid-air—between the giant tree trunks, a

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Spirit of rose-hued fire appeared suddenly and as a spirit spoke to those on the stage beneath. I remember again—descending as on viewless rounds of a ladder let down from some heaven of William Blake—little children, fluttering white, in rhythmic chant and choir. And again, the death of a warrior—his soul as it flashed skyward, tingeing the sequoia tops with silver flame. How to convey a sense of it! Impossible!

The drama ended, and the colossal grove illuminated from end to end with preternatural light, actors and audience filed in fantastic procession to a farther glade where the traditional pyre stood piled for the Cremation of Care. And as the eloquent wit and poetry of the white-robed orator flowed on in the mystical night, I whispered to my neighbor: "Are we in Delphi, or California?" "Both," he answered; "the rites of Pan and Apollo can never be quelled."

While on the literary and musical sides the grove plays have shown at times an interesting quality of freshness, curiously associated with classical traditions, the originality of text and score has been matched by an equal originality in stagecraft. This has been brought about very largely by the physical characteristics of the unique stage. Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams alludes particularly to these things in an article that appeared in *Collier's* for September 7, 1907. He says:

Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's views

With a climate as reliably rainless as Athens of old and a lighting equipment as complete as on Broadway to-night, they have what neither extreme ever had, a vertical stage. Framed in a proscenium of gigantic redwoods (which, by the way, were already waiting there before or soon after the building of the Theatre of Dionysius at Athens) an abrupt hillside rises from the level of the orchestra and runs on up until it is lost to view among the branches of its beautiful trees. This with its lacy foliage serves not only as scenery, back-drop, and a nearly perfect sounding-board, but, most interesting of all, the action itself is arranged at the top, the bottom, and the intermediate stations of this steep slope. . . .

The possibilities of this unprecedented stage are only beginning to be realized, and if the academic influences of the club are not afraid of being legitimately spectacular, these annual forest plays will go far toward developing a new field of stage art. It is along the line of their own unique resources that they have their opportunity to contribute something new. The old things have been pretty well done already elsewhere. Imitations are not for them.

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This year's masque was called "The Triumph of Bohemia," and was written by Mr. George Sterling, author of "The Testimony of the Suns." . . . Another talented member of the club, Mr. Edward F. Schneider, wrote the music and led the orchestra. . . .

This piece, like Mr. Will Irwin's famous "Hamadryads" three years ago, was considered typical of the best the club has done. Also, one is tempted to add, they are typical of what the club ought always to try to do. Usually amateur theatricals, even when the play is written by the amateurs themselves, lack the inspiration of any real feeling about the thing expressed, being merely rather pathetic imitations, in conception and execution, of professional work, and thus emphasize the defects and avoid the virtues of the amateur spirit. These woodland plays are not merely by the Bohemian Club, but about the Bohemian Club, or what it stands for. . . . They are not only in the forest, but are about the forest and symbolize the mutual relations of Bohemia and nature.

In the Bohemian Grove theatre—for which it has been said that "God Almighty was our stage-carpenter"—expediency, as well as experience, has been a great teacher. There, the frankness of nature demands frankness in such accessories as it may be necessary to introduce on the stage. Of these a few representative examples may be recorded.

Examples of stagecraft

The most considerable structural undertaking was the colossal plaster Dai-butsu, executed by the sculptor, Marion Wells, for the "Buddha Jinks" of 1892. A similar undertaking was the collapsible figure of Ug, built for the grove play of 1913. For this play also, flying devices were used, but upon a scale never dreamt of in the indoor theatre.

At the beginning of "The Hamadryads" occurred the awakening of the trees. On a stage (but no, it would be better to say "in a glade," for at that time, as the photographic illustration of the play shows, there was no theatrical suggestion)—in a glade, then, shrouded in darkness, whence the foul Meledon has just vanished, a single tree is seen faintly to glow with a golden, greenish radiance. Slowly it grows in intensity while the orchestra

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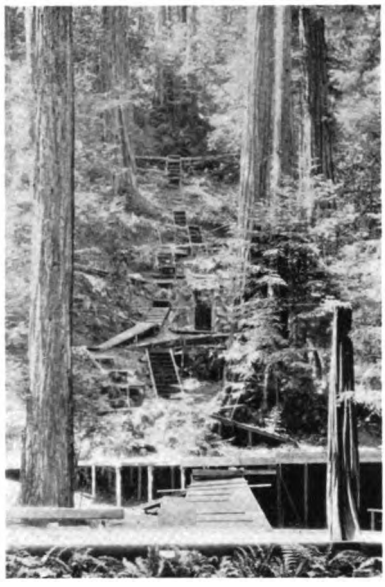
CONSTRUCTING THE DAI-BUTSU
(1892)



PATH OF FIRE—BEFORE MASKING
(1907)

MECHANISM FOR FLIGHT OF OWL
(1907)

THE ANGELIC VISION
(1916)

SOME MECHANICAL ASPECTS

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plays the Illumination Music, until the trunk actually seems to give forth light. Now from its bole comes marvelously out a questing hand... an arm... from the tree itself!...little by little the leaf-clad figure of a wood-spirit appears, disengaging himself, painfully but with the rapture of freedom attained, from his prison. The orchestra announces the Hamadryad motive and the liberated spirit echoes it with an ecstatic "Hola-to-ho!" A second tree has been slowly illumined and from it comes a second hamadryad, followed by a third and a fourth, each from his own tree, and, as the music mounts gloriously, all cry in unison to their fellows in the forest. And now the trees on the hillside come to life, until, finally, the whole slope is swept with light, and hamadryads who seem to spring from the earth, their leafy garments trembling with every movement, come leaping down the trails, pausing now and then to beckon and call to their companions. Surrounding their leaders, they lift a mighty chorus of joy.

The mechanical factors, which, be it said, did not betray their banausic origin nor impair the illusion in the slightest degree, consisted of an ingenious arrangement of canvas and bark, and acetylene jets fed through by-passes.

In "The Triumph of Bohemia" the Spirit of Fire in response to the summons of the North-Wind appeared suddenly in a burst of flame at the highest point on the hillside. A great flame gushed from his helmet and the next instant he was bounding down the declivity. In his hand he carried a torch in the form of a scourge, from which intermittent flames flew upward. Flames issued from his helmet again and again and leaped from the earth at the touch of his flying feet. In the same play an owl thrice traversed the hillside, finally swooping down in circular flight and alighting at a particular spot, where it was transformed into a youth.

To accomplish this four artificial owls with practicable wings (one for each part of the flight) were used and an elaborate concealed mechanism. The flight lasted for less than a minute, but to achieve the result, two engineers

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and three assistants devoted their week-ends (and many days between) for a period of two months.

Among effects—too numerous to mention—that have called for a special technique must be cited the miraculous cross that appeared at the top of the hill in "St. Patrick at Tara," and the Angelic Vision in "Gold."

In the Grove theatre the processes of the professional stage-manager are less a help than a hindrance. Traditions must be cast aside on that unique stage, which demands a new stagecraft, a new technique, and where old methods—from "cross stage to right" to "*exit* L. U. E."—are thrown out of court.

That the development of a so distinctive achievement as the Bohemian grove plays should have taken place in California, where we are sufficiently far away from the rest of the world, and whither enlightenment in art reluctantly pervenes, is, in a way, remarkable. Yet it is our very isolation that is at the root of the creative impulses displayed in these forest dramas, and our vainglory of things accomplished should not exclude the hope that some day, perhaps, if unprofessionalized and unexploited, the grove play will attain a high artistic importance.

PORTER GARNETT.

Berkeley, California.
June 20, 1918.

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LIST OF PARTICIPANTS

THE NAMES of those members of the Club who have taken speaking or other principal parts in the grove plays appear in the casts of characters printed with the plays. Many other members have participated in the various productions, but in the absence of any records prior to 1907, when the practice of printing the names of such participants in the playbooks was first established, it is impossible to make a complete list. The names of participants other than principals—compiled from existing records and from information obtained from members—are as follows:

PARTICIPANTS IN THE CHORUS

(1902-1917)

A. A. ABROGAST, HARRIS C. ALLEN, CARL E. ANDERSON, F. N. ANDERSON.

T. V. BAKEWELL, R. M. BATTISON, HAROLD K. BAXTER, R. I. BENTLEY, JR., EUGENE BLANCHARD, GEORGE BOWDEN, C. W. BROCK, HAROLD BRAYTON, CHARLES F. BULOTTI, CARL BUNDSCHU, C. W. BURKS, E. G. BURLAND, F. L. BUTTON.

HARRY P. CARLTON, P. S. CARLTON, C. A. CASE, R. L. COUNTRYMAN, E. D. CRANDALL, C. C. CRANE.

J. R. DAVIS, W. F. DAVIS, W. W. DAVIS, CHARLES DUKES.

T. G. ELLIOTT, C. E. ENGVICK, C. J. EVANS.

G. C. FARLEY, F. B. FINDLEY, R. E. FISHER, H. E. FOSSEY, OSCAR FRANK.

P. D. GASKILL, W. G. GLENN, JAMES H. GRAHAM.

W. E. HAGUE, HARRY H. HAIGHT, W. H. HAMM, J. R. HAMILTON, J. R. HARRY, J. D. HARTIGAN. R. B. HEATH, A. G. HEUNISH, CHESTER HEROLD, W. F. HOOKE, W. B. HOPKINS, W. H. HOPKINSON.

GEO. S. JOHNSON, H. B. JOHNSON, JR., E. E. JONES, J. P. JONES.

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R. E. G. Keene, W. F. Keene, A. G. Kellogg, A. G. D. Kerrell, William Klink, W. R. Kneiss, Fred. S. Knight, William Knowles.

Ralph H. Lachmund, C. H. Lamberton, L. A. Larsen, A. F. Lawton, J. J. Lermen, E. C. Little, C. E. Lloyd, Jr., R. L. Lynas.

E. H. McCandlish, John McEwing, A. A. Macurda, H. C. McCurrie, Matthew McCurrie, Robert McLure, G. S. Mariner, Samuel D. Mayer, J. B. Melvin, J. G. Melvin, R. C. Melvin, Frank S. Mitchell, W. A. Mitchell, P. J. Mohr.

W. P. Nielsen.

M. L. R. Oksen, R. L. Oliver, William Olney, Frank Onslow.

H. L. Perry, R. L. Phelps, C. D. Pinkham, Harold Pracht, George Purlenky.

Lowell R. Redfield, G. D. Reynolds, J. J. Rhea, Thomas Rickard, Harry Robertson, E. W. Roland, Benjamin Romaine, J. D. Ruggles.

F. A. Schneider, Elmer Simmons, C. A. Smith, Burbank Somers, Austin W. Sperry, B. M. Stich.

E. L. Taylor, J. de P. Teller.

C. H. Van Orden, H. P. Veeder, Edward G. Vinzent, C. F. Volker.

Mark White, R. L. White, F. E. Wilkins, M. O. Williams, Andrew Y. Wood.

PARTICIPANTS OTHER THAN PRINCIPALS OR IN THE CHORUS
(1902-1917)

Paul C. Adams, Wyatt H. Allen, Worthington Ames, Henry Anderson Lafler.

Henry S. Bates, Geo. L. Bell, H. B. Blatchly, C. K. Bonestell, Jr., Robert Bonestell, M. B. Bowman.

Leonard Chenery, Ernest Chipman, D. S. Clinton, C. G. Cook, F. A. Corbusier, A. R. Cotton, Clarkson Crane, A. E. Cross, Tracy Cummings.

R. W. Davis, George B. de Long, F. A. Denicke, J. G. de Remer, C. J. Dickman, Chas. J. Dillon, H. A. W. Dinning, John C. Dornin.

H. P. Fessenden, Bush Finnell, Thomas Finigan, J. D. Fletcher, A. W. Foster, Jr., Paul S. Foster, W. P. Fuller, Jr.

W. F. Garby, C. A. Gilbert, C. E. Green, Chas. P. Grimwood, C. A. Gwynn.

R. L. Hale, Gordon Hall, S. P. Hamilton, D. M. Hanlon, George Hamersmith, P. T. Hanscom, S. M. Haskins, A. H. Hayes,

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LIST OF PARTICIPANTS

Geo. H. Hellmann, George Henry, Jr., Geo. U. Hind, R. D Holabird, E. T. Houghton, Harry S. Howland.

Lucian W. Knight.

Jerome B. Landfield, Wm. A. Lange, Geo. C. Leib, Wm. F. Leib, Ira S. Lillick, Irving Lundborg.

Wilbur McColl, B. G. McDougall, R. H. Manley, Fred. S. Mayhew, Horace H. Miller, H. M. A. Miller, J. B. Murphy, Fred. S. Myrtle.

A. C. Nahl, Gurney E. Newlin, F. G. Noyes.

Jesse W. Olney, Frank L. Owen.

T. E. Palmer, Challen R. Parker, A. C. Parsons, E.M.Pomeroy G. B. Pond.

Stewart L. Rawlings, Granville Redmond, Leroy T. Ryone, Ronald T. Rolph, Wm. N. Rolph, Harry A. Russell.

H. R. Sander, Rudolph Schilling, Herbert A. Schmidt, Fred. R. Sherman, H. W. Sherwood, E. D. Shortlidge, Robert W. Simpson, A. W. Smith, Herbert E. Smith, Roy S. Somers, George H. Stoddard, John G. Sutton.

Churchill Taylor, Thomas Thorkildsen, A. V. Thompson Frederick Thompson, R. F. Tilton, Geo. W. Turner.

B. P. Upham.

T. C. Van Ness, D. G. Volkmann, W. G. Volkmann.

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THE PLAYS

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THE FIRST GROVE PLAY

[PERFORMED ON THE SIXTEENTH NIGHT OF AUGUST, 1902]

THE MAN IN THE FOREST

A Legend of the Tribe

BY

CHARLES K. FIELD

WITH A NOTE ON THE MUSIC
BY THE COMPOSER

JOSEPH D. REDDING

RICHARD M. HOTALING
SIRE

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE CHIEF	Mr. J. C. Wilson
THE OWL	Mr. Frank P. Deering
A RUNNER	Mr. Robert I. Aitken
AN AGED INDIAN	Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto
A YOUNG BRAVE	Mr. William Thomas
THE HISTORIAN	Mr. R. M. Hotaling
THE MEDICINE-MAN	Mr. Amédée Joullin
A MUSICIAN	Mr. Denis O'Sullivan
A HAG	Mr. W. H. Smith, Jr.
THE BOHEMIAN	Dr. J. Wilson Shiels
CARE	Mr. Charles K. Field

Indians, Harvesters

Place: A Californian forest.
Time: The year of the famine.

* * *

Setting and costumes designed by Mr. Amédée Joullin.

* * *

Musical Director, Mr. Joseph D. Redding.

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THE MAN IN THE FOREST

A Legend of the Tribe

[NOTE.—"The Man in the Forest" was not printed at the time of its original production and all manuscript copies were lost in the earthquake and fire of 1906. The synopsis here presented, in which are incorporated such fragments as have survived, was prepared for this collected edition of the grove plays by Mr. Field. THE EDITOR.]

AGAINST the wall of the canyon, between the trunks of huge redwoods which seem a part of a solemn procession down the declivity, are situated the tepees of an Indian tribe. It is night, with a clear moon whose illusive radiance does not betray the blight with which long drouth has touched the undergrowth of the forest. Midway of the hillside is the rocky skeleton of a waterfall, upon its long-dry bones hang withered ferns. Even in the compassionate moonlight this once lovely grotto stares like a face from which the flesh has been stripped and from whose eyeless sockets the flash of the human spirit is gone. In the deepest shade of the forest the grasses and the vines are dry underfoot, for the season has been unblessed of rain and even the land-fogs of winter have been held from this apparently cursed corner of the earth. Only out of the north has the wind been drawn, a wind, now hot, now cold, but ever dry, a destroying breath which has withered the feeble efforts of the earth to echo the sprouting promise of the preceding spring.

The moonlight rests upon a tall figure, clad in the garb of aboriginal chiefship, a figure that should carry a hint

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of the stately quality of the great tree beside which it stands yet which shows in its attitude of dejection the defeat of courage. The chief of the tribe is alone. The moonlit forest is very still, save for a scarcely distinguishable murmur of voices which, for all its faintness, is vibrant with pain. It is as though one heard, through an inward ear, the anguish of a dying race, made audible by "spirit voices of no tone."

As if sorrow, welling from his heart, burst uncontrollably from lips long shut against it, the chief speaks. Half in prayer, half in complaint, his dark face raised toward the path of brilliant sky between the treetops, he pours out the story of his drouth-stricken people, calling on the Great Spirit to mark how beast and berry had failed them in the woods, how the planting in the open spaces had come to naught. Under the weight of his agony his voice breaks; his gaunt frame relaxes; in the weakness of despair he leans against the fluted trunk of the redwood. The stillness of the forest is profound, more mysterious than when seemingly charged with the vibration of human misery. Upon this vast quiet breaks the rounded hoot of an owl, distant, indefinite of place.

The chief lifts his head, listens. Again that soft, eerie call. With sudden impulse, the chief flings his arms above his head and implores the bird to come nearer, to speak again as the legends of their fathers declare him to have spoken when the race and the world itself were young. There is a moment of hushed waiting, of hoping for that approach which the noiseless flight of the owl would not betray. A quick breath of relief escapes the chief as he gazes, rapt, toward the hillside. Upon an arching limb of a great laurel, an oval body glimmers silver-gray in the moonlight. As though heard in a waking dream, a mellow voice floats down from that leafy arch.

King of wood and plain; red brother
Of the kings that shall come after,

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Hearken! Lo, thy prayer is answered;
In the hour of thy despairing
Cometh one into the forest.
By this sign thine eyes shall know him;
In his footsteps ever walketh
Care, the spirit of all evil,
Followeth but dare not face him.
Oh beware, lest, never knowing,
Ye should slay your great deliverer!

As silently as it came the great bird vanishes in the shadows. For a moment the chief stands lost in wonder, then springing forward with his wonted vigor, he strikes upon a tom-tom. Quick follow notes which break the spell under which the woodland has lain. At once one is aware again of that mournful vocal murmur which now grows rapidly stronger as the soft thud of many feet is heard approaching. The Indians of the tribe enter, chanting a lament:

Lo, our cup of sorrow runneth o'er;
Lo, our days of plenty come no more.

As the company draws close to the chief, who stands awaiting them with folded arms, the pulsing chant grows intense until the singers seem at the point of breaking into an agonized dance. Now the chief, with a swift gesture, stops them, and they crouch at his feet.

In a voice thrilled with a newly awakened hope, the chief tells his people that the owl has broken the silence of countless moons since the time when he was wont to speak wisdom to their father's fathers. He repeats the prophecy the bird has given him and pauses to watch its effect upon his puzzled people.

At this moment a whoop is heard. All eyes are turned to the highest visible point of the hillside. There, in a shaft of moonlight, stands a runner, nude save for breech-clout and necklace, his skin glistening with sweat. With

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a shout he dashes down the steep hill, springing through the crackling brush, and throws himself at the feet of his chief, with the breathless exclamation: "We have taken a pale-face." Recovering his breath he describes this stranger who came into the forest unarmed, who, gazing upward along the trunks of their great trees, smiled as in worship of these noble forms. The runner says that the rest of the band, who had left at daybreak in hopeless quest of food, are returning, bringing their captive with them.

The chief is now all action. He calls the council of the tribe and the ring of judgment is formed in the center of the camp. To this gathering of chosen braves the chief repeats in formal style the runner's news and asks their decision regarding the fate of the stranger. He addresses this question first to an aged Indian beside him:

"O Nee-mo-nee, wise father of many tepees, upon whose head are the white feathers of wisdom, speak to thy children."

The aged Indian, in a dark gray blanket, rises stiffly to his feet, his faded eyes fixed as in a vision. He counsels the circle that they can not hope to prevail against this pale-faced stranger, that their present misery is but the prelude to a new era when they must yield to the strange race that now creeps upon them under moving white tepees.

Impatient at this faint-hearted counsel, a young brave, clad in a blood-red blanket, springs to his feet and cries out against such cowardly surrender. He urges the circle to rouse itself to the war-spirit that was theirs in the good days when neither food nor enemies failed them and which made of them the masters of forest and plain. As a murmur of assent grows louder round the circle, despite the protesting gestures of the gray-blanketed counselor of peace, the chief checks it and calls upon the tribe's historian to give them counsel from the legends of the past.

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The historian, himself bent with age but with eyes that glow with an unquenchable fire, rising in his place, tells them the legend of their tribe, the long inherited story of that other, far-off time when a curse like that of the present, was laid upon their tribe and when a deliverer appeared amid the forest in answer to the prayer of one unconquerable spirit among them:

Long ago the woods were blighted
By the breath of evil spirits,
By the presence of the Dark One;
In the river-mist lurked evil,
In the leaves a terror whispered;
All the happy hunting-places
Were deserted, bare and barren
As the prairie desolated
By the curse of fire and ashes;
No more came the deer at evening
To the quiet water-courses,
No more drummed the hidden partridge
Or the grouse among the shadows,
Gone the great bear from the mountains,
Gone the bison from the prairies;
And the tender corn, the comfort,
Dried and shriveled ere its blooming,
Drooped and faded into yellow
Like a girl that dies of fever
In the Moon of Evil Vapors.

Then came Famine through the forest,
Gaunt and gray, with mocking laughter,
Gloated by the cheerless wigwams,
Crushed the bodies of the children,
Worn and wasted in the baskets;
And the weary braves, returning
From their forage empty-handed
From the barren hunting-places,

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Laid them down beside their wigwams
And the foot of Hunger spurned them
As they writhed there in their anguish,
While through all the dismal forest
Nothing broke the awful stillness
Save the ghastly laugh of Hunger
That, from far, the gaunt coyote
Like a mocking echo answered.

From the shadow of his wigwam
Struggled Mee-das, the magician,
Wasted by the touch of Famine
And the fires of his long vigil;
Barely more than bones, he struggled
To his feet among the wigwams,
But his eyes were bright and burning
Like the night-fires in the marshes;
In the strength of his death-anguish
Danced he there among the dying,
In the sacred snake-dance moved he
Round and round in prayer unceasing,
But alas, he failed and faltered
And at length his strength went from him
And he fell among his people
And his hope burned out in darkness.

But the mocking laugh of Famine
Rang no more through all the forest;
There among the silent wigwams
Stood the figure of a stranger!
In his hair the gold of morning,
In his eyes the azure heavens,
In his voice the tender music
Of the southwind in the woodland,
Breathing through the maize at daybreak.
Dying eyes looked up and saw him
And a dreamy strength came thrilling

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Through the twisted limbs of anguish
Till the people rose about him,
Caught and kissed the stranger's garment.
Then with waving hands the savior
Called afar through all the forest,
And, behold, a wonder happened!
Through the forest came the red deer,
And the partridge and the squirrel,
Came the heavy bear and bison,
All the food the Indian asks for
Came unto the starving people,
And the corn grew tall and heavy
In the magic of his music
And the water wet the mosses,
Turning green the blighted woodland.

Gratefully the rescued people
Turned to bless their strange deliverer;
He had vanished from among them
As the noiseless water-serpents
Vanish in the pools at twilight,
But the beauty of his presence
There remained to bless the forest
And the Indian ever after.

Springing into the circle, his voice trembling with passionate appeal, the historian exhorts them:

This the legend, O my people,
Of that other day of sorrow,
Of that day of dark despairing.
In the memory of that anguish,
Of that faith which wrought the wonder,
Neither peace nor war, my counsel,
Neither war nor peace, but prayer!
With the strength of his devotion
Let us dance the dance of Mee-das,
Let us dance the sacred snake-dance,

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Let us pray to the Great Spirit,
He will hear us from afar off,
He will send us the Deliverer!

Lashed to a frenzy, he falls, dumbly pleading, at the feet of the chief. The ringing command goes forth to summon the medicine-man. A hideous figure, his head wearing great horns, leaps to the center of the scene and bids the braves prepare for the dance. The blanket figures disappear into the tepees, the chief accompanying them. Only an aged musician is left beside the dying fire. He plays a wistful strain upon a rude pipe, while from the tepees comes an accompanying murmur of repressed eagerness, the swift yet solemn preparation for the dance of prayer. Now the music quickens to the beating step of the dance and the painted braves enter, led by the medicine-man. Thus the great dance is executed in that elaborate detail which marks the ceremonial of the Southwest Indians. Antelope priests and snake priests, distinguished by their insignia, the latter holding in their teeth the writhing serpents, advance, retreat, swing round the open spaces of the camp, while the medicine-man, with magnificent free gestures, flings the precious sacred meal to the four corners of the world. They know it is the last of their supplies; he flings it from him in a passion of desperate faith. Then, at the maddest point of the rite, the dancers dash away through the woods, to set the snakes free to carry their message to the spirits of the underworld. Their cries die away in the forest.

Seeming, at first to be but a part of this ecstatic outcry, a succession of whoops, far up on the hillside, is recognized as the shouts of the forage party, returning with the captive of whom the runner has spoken. As the party descends the winding trail a figure is seen among them whose light colored garb is in contrast with their dark forms. During their approach the dancers have

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gradually returned to the scene and stand panting, while the others, with their strange captive, come down to the center of the camp.

The stranger, his blonde head uncovered, his white shirt gleaming in the moonlight, pauses and surveys the chief, who gazes at him as if fascinated, while all the others draw back from these two. Slowly, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, the chief bids the stranger speak, declare himself, his people and his purpose. At once a shriveled hag springs forward from the shadow of a tepee, shrieking:

"Nay, open not the mouth of the stranger. Poisonous is the breath of his lips. Behold his shadow, the evil spirit that torments us!"

She points wildly to the hillside. There, a little above them all, stands a ghastly figure, wrapped in gray mist, as in a blanket, from which the leering face of a skull looks down upon the tribe. All but the white stranger have turned and see this grisly apparition. The paralysis of terror seizes them, even the chief shrinks back. Suddenly the young brave who had counseled war in the circle brandishes his tomahawk and springs toward the spectre in a frenzy of defiance. The apparition opens wide its arms; the mist blanket falls back and a ghastly skeleton stands revealed. The spectre advances a step and the uplifted arm of the young Indian seems to wither, the tomahawk is dropped, the Indian falls to the ground.

Now Care—for such the spectre is—comes down to the center of the scene. The Indians fall, stricken, before his advance, until only the chief, and the apparently unconscious stranger, remain standing. The mourning chant of the tribe, which was heard in the orchestra upon the appearance of the spectre upon the hillside, has now grown to a flood of unhappy music as the apparition at last comes face to face with the stranger. There is a sudden moment of absolute silence. Then from the shadowy treetops the

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owl hoots. At the sound, the chief, as though freed from bonds, springs toward the stranger and cuts the thongs which bind his hands. The white man lifts his unbound arms toward heaven. From the orchestra emerges the trilling of the Music of Deliverance and Care vanishes into the darkness of the forest.

The stricken people, as though revived by the song of birds and the music of falling waters, rise in bewilderment from the ground, and, kneeling, gaze at the radiant face of their deliverer. In a voice of quiet power the Bohemian announces to them that he is of a people who love the forest and will hold it sacred, that he is come to bring them succor and protection.

"Behold!" he cries, "in token of my message I show you a miracle. In the brotherhood of the forest, a new day dawns upon the world."

Again the owl hoots in the forest. Beyond the trees at the top of the hill the sky flushes with a miraculous dawn. Out of the rose-tinted wood, at the top of the trail, comes a procession of garlanded harvesters, songs on their lips and in their arms great stores of fruit and tasseled corn. Over the stones of the long-dry waterfall, the ferns stir again in the spray of the reawakened stream. As the harvesters descend the hillside, bearing deliverance to the tribe, the foliage of the forest is turned to silver in a celestial radiance and the play ends in an ecstasy of light and music.

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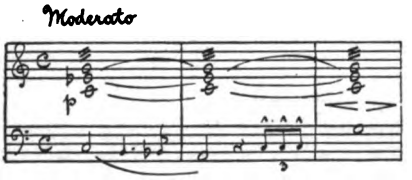
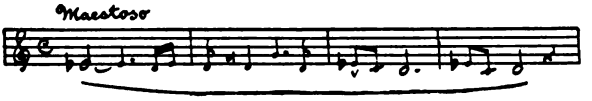
NOTE ON THE MUSIC

By Joseph D. Redding

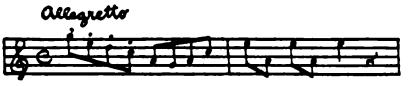
The overture begins with the mystic call of the owl, heard through the varied sounds of the forest.



This is followed by the rhythmic tread of the approaching Indians, chanting their lament (the theme of Care), taken up by all the violins on the G string, the rhythm being sustained on the double basses, tuba and fagotti.



This leads into the motive of the Snake Dance, first heard on the oboe and developed, *accelerando*, throughout the entire orchestra.



The dance reaches a climax, *prestissimo*, and is brought to a sudden stop by a cry from the forest, once more from the mystic bird. Here the movement in the strings and

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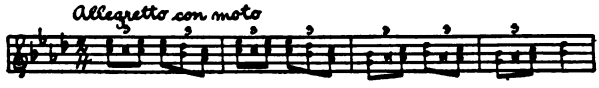
brass illustrates the persistent voice of the owl warning the savages that the fulfillment of their legend is at hand.

Now emerges the melody of the Bohemian (the theme of Promise), full of the song of birds and the sound of woodland brooks, embodying the prophetic spirit of dawn.

The melody is wafted away, lifting higher and higher as a lark carries his trill into the heavens.

The sound of horns bursts upon the ear. It is the herald of relief, the approach of the Chorus of Plenty (the theme of Fulfillment).



Their joyous shouts echo through the forest, while underneath, the oboe and clarinets sustain, *con moto*, the motive of the Snake Dance until the full orchestra breaks into the Gloria (the Death of Care), and the overture it brought to a close with the theme of Care transfigured into triumphal phrase, working in counterpoint against the Gloria and the Snake Dance. "Care is Slain!"

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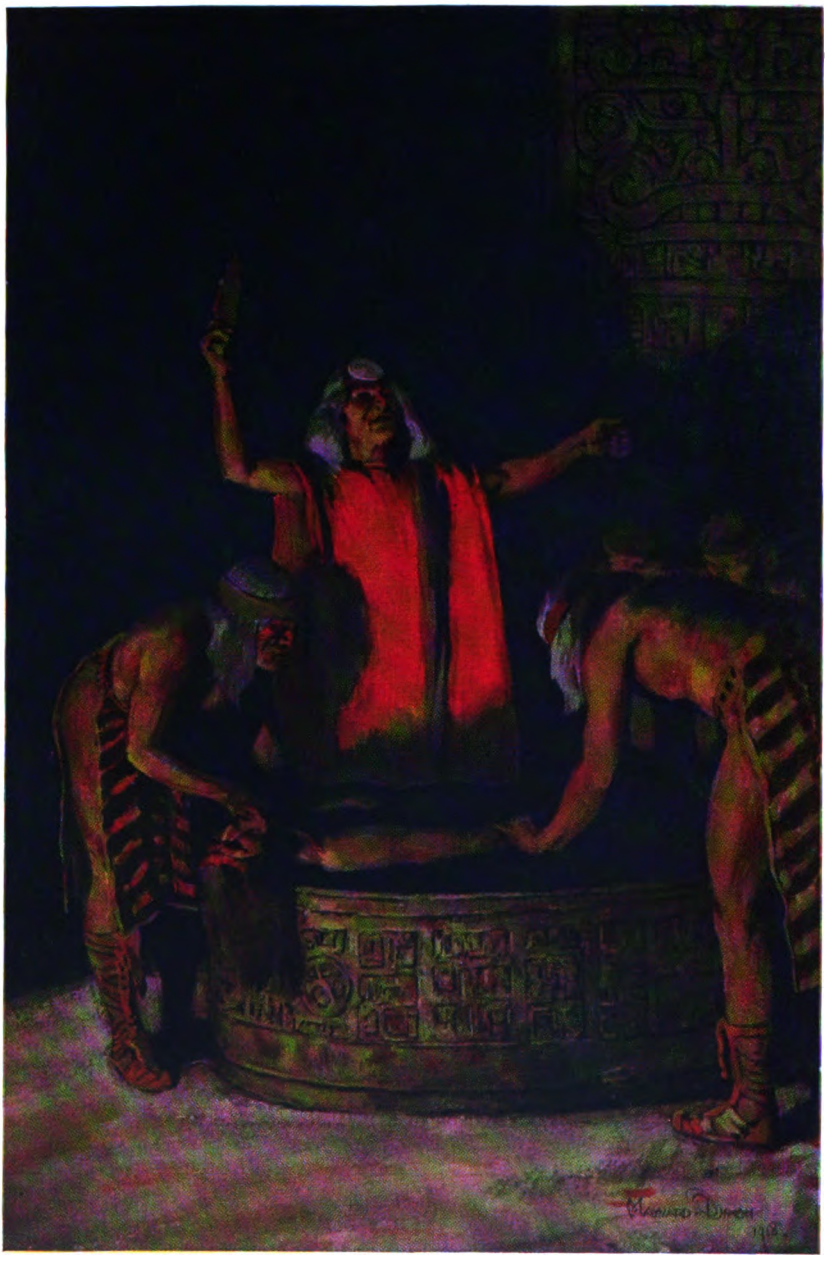

MONTEZUMA

THE SACRIFICE

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THE SECOND GROVE PLAY

[PERFORMED ON THE THIRD NIGHT OF AUGUST, 1903]

MONTEZUMA

BY

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON

WITH A NOTE ON THE MUSIC
BY THE COMPOSER

H. J. STEWART

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON
SIRE

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FOREWORD

THIS dramatic episode has been built upon the history of the conquest of Montezuma by Cortéz, and upon the accepted accounts of the sacrificial rites which prevailed at that period in the land of the Aztecs. With these has been interwoven the tradition that foretold the coming of a conqueror from beyond the Eastern seas.

The entire play is pregnant with this portent. Priests chant it, and an astrologer tells it. Montezuma, finally convinced of its truth, calls to his captains and chiefs for a suitable sacrifice to appease the wrath and propitiate the favor of the god of war, the mighty Mexitli. Two chiefs offer themselves but are refused. Then a youth, glowing with patriotic ardor, steps forward and offers not only his own life, but shows that his sacrifice will break with grief the heart of a young girl, to whom he has been wedded but a month, and "whose faith-filled eyes behold in him a god." He is accepted; stretched upon the jasper stone; his heart cut out and given to the god, and the New Light kindled upon his bleeding breast. Just as the sacrifice has been completed, the unfamiliar thunder of Cortéz' cannon is heard, followed by his appearance on the scene.

Arbitrary reasons have made it necessary to condense within the narrow compass of one day, events that were months in happening.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MONTEZUMA		Mr. J. C. Wilson
AN ASTROLOGER		Mr. R. M. Hotaling
MALRIC		Mr. Robert I. Aitken
THE HIGH PRIEST		Mr. Donald de V. Graham
CHARAC		Dr. J. Wilson Shiels
DRAGONDA		Mr. H. McD. Spencer
THE CRIER		Mr. James B. Smith
A MESSENGER		Mr. W. H. Smith, Jr.
THE TOPLITZIN	*personæ mutæ*	Mr. C. J. Dickman
CORTEZ	*personæ mutæ*	Mr. C. P. Grimwood
FATHER OLMEDO	*personæ mutæ*	[No record]

Priests, Chiefs, Warriors, Slaves, Youths, Maidens, Spanish Soldiers

Place: The summit of a teocalli in Mexico.
Time: A.D. 1520.

* * *

Production directed by Mr. Charles J. Dickman.

Setting, costumes, and properties designed by Mr. Robert I. Aitken.

* * *

Musical Director, Dr. H. J. Stewart.

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MONTEZUMA

EPISODE I

The top of a great teocalli or pyramid altar in Mexico. On the right and left are the two tower-like temples of Huitzilopochtli and Tezcatlipoca. Near the first stands the sacrificial stone and a colossal stone image of the war-god, and on the other side a thronelike seat. The scene is shrouded in darkness, except for the light from two flaming braziers.

[*Two Priests may be dimly discerned feeding the braziers. Other Priests within one of the temples sing a Hymn to the Rising Sun.*

PRIESTS (*singing*)

While yet within the cold, gray dawn thou hidest,
Great Lord of Light, our hymn to thee we raise;
Before from out night's fading gloom thou glidest
We offer unto thee our prayers and praise.
But as we wait to hail the coming morning,
And watch the waning stars, their flickering beams
Burn with the solemn and portentous warning
Seen in the skies when war's red beacon gleams.

Rise, mighty god, until night's pallid tapers
Fade in the growing glory of thy light;
Drive back into the dark the midnight vapors
That hide thy shining splendor from our sight.

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Flash forth the fire that makes the foeman dread us,
When 'neath thy gleam we gather for the fray;
Give us again the light that long hath led us
Out of the midnight darkness to the day.

[*As the hymn ceases the Priests retire. Two heralds enter and blow their trumpets from each side of the pyramid. They are followed by a* CRIER.

THE CRIER

Now that the hymn is hushed, the heralds mute,
And while the warm and welcome sunlight bathes
The mountain peaks in golden floods that seem
To garb them with the grandeur of the gods,
I come to cry a summons from these walls—
To say that Montezuma draweth near
To listen to the story that the stars
Have whispered to the watchful seers who read
Within their rays the runes of life and death.

[*To the strains of martial music* MONTEZUMA, *followed by a great retinue of Chiefs, Priests, Soldiers, and Slaves, enters.*

CHORUS

From where the Carib waves their foam are flinging
On our fair eastern shores,
To where the western sapphire seas are singing
The psalm that skyward soars
And mingles with the mists that now are falling
On Orizaba's brow,
East, west, and north and south are loudly calling
To Montezuma now.

And from the height of terraced teocalli,
Whereon we stand today
And see Anahuac's fair and fertile valley

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Stretch smiling far away
To where Cholula's temple gleams in splendor,
Like to a golden flame,
Through all the land our homage now we render
To Montezuma's name.

MONTEZUMA

Bring in the reader of the stars that we
May hear the message that the midnight tells
To those whose eager and enquiring eyes
Are skilled to conjure from the spheres above
The secrets that are whispered through the dark
To draw us onward to our destiny.

[*The* ASTROLOGER *enters.*

THE ASTROLOGER

King, I have come from where the mighty loom
Of midnight weaves the starry silver strands
Into the fabric of a fate that few
Have knowledge to unravel or reveal.
A hundred times and more hath yonder sun
Soared from the sombre midnight to the morn,
And blotted from the jewelled page of night
The starry charactry wherein are writ
The secrets fate doth in the future hide.
A hundred times my straining eyes have seen
The stars flash forth a hint of hidden things,
But ere I grasped the secret it was dead
Within the dawning of another day.
Last night I saw the belted giant climb
Into the blazing canopy above
And with his sword touch Tenochtitlan's towers.
Then in the mystic moment I became
As one, half blind, feels from his clouded eyes
The scales that veiled his vision fall away
And reads aright at last the tale of truth.

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As from the glamouring gloom I turned my gaze
To scan the charted records of the skies,
My finger fell upon the fateful spot,
And there I read great Montezuma's doom.

[MONTEZUMA *starts from his throne excitedly.*

MONTEZUMA

The stars have lied, or else Tradition's tongue
Hath babbled false for full five hundred years.
'T was Quitzalcoatl's sword that touched the towers,
Who cometh as a friend, not as a foe.

THE ASTROLOGER

Nay, King, the monster mounted from the east,
And through a blood-red mist I saw him scowl
Upon this sacred city. Oh, be swift
To send the incense soaring to appease
The greedy god of war; 't is time to bring
Our best to bleed upon the altar stone.
Tezcatlipoca's festival is near,
A fitting season to propitiate
The anger of the feather-footed god.

MONTEZUMA

Then be it so, and let the ancient rites
With which we have been wont to usher in
The clamor and the clash of war be now
Observed as they have ever been; and since
The sky-born menace rose from out the east,
I now recall an ancient augury
That says our doom from out the east shall come.
Now though we have a host of captives here
To offer as a holocaust to win
The war-god's grim approval, we must crown
The sacrifice with what we cherish most,
And give the god our bravest and our best.

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MONTEZUMA

Captains and chiefs, I want one patriot—
But one—to prove upon the jasper stone
The loyal love he to his country owes.

[*At this appeal many Chiefs gather around the King, eager to offer themselves, but make room for the old chief,* CHARAC.

CHARAC

On these old limbs of mine I bear the scars
Of many a foeman's spear, won in the wars
Waged by thy father long ere thou wast born.
My country is my creed, my king my god,
And I will gladly give my life for both.

MONTEZUMA

I thank thee, Charac, but thy loyal breast
Were better bared to meet the coming foe,
Than burn beneath the flamen's sacred coals.

[DRAGONDA *steps forward.*

DRAGONDA

I've followed thee, O King, through flood and field,
And scaled with thee the lofty mountain crags,
And at thy side have often laughed at death.
And I have revelled with thee till the dawn
Hath painted yonder purple peaks with gold.
Draught after draught we've drained together where
The warm and wooing lips of women praised
Thy valor as they lent unto the lyre
The magic of impassioned melody,
And gave to thee the guerdon of their love.
What are the women and the wassail now!
What the wild tumult of the battlefield
When fierce Mexitli wakes and clamors for
The sacrificial heart that must be torn,
All live and bleeding, from the victim's breast

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And fed to him his favor to obtain.
Let me be given to the god of war.

MONTEZUMA

I know thee well, and better, braver blood
Than thine, Dragonda, never flowed beneath
The sharp obsidian blade. Could courage move
The mighty Mexitli to guide our spears
Straight to the hearts of our mysterious foes,
Thy name could conjure forth the conquering charm
That gives the crown of victory to the brave;
But calmer, chaster blood than thine must pour
Its pleading, purple prayer to save us now.

[*The youth*, MALRIC, *comes forward from the crowd.*

MALRIC

I was an acolyte when thou wert priest
In proud Cholula's temple long ago.
My prayers have mingled in the past with thine,
And by their menory now in mercy lend
A listening ear to my imperfect plea.
King, I am one on whom a woman's lips
Were never laid until they came to bless
Me in the sacred bridal bed of love.
One little month hath barely passed since I
Was wed unto a maid; then earth became
To us a garden where the gods bestowed
Their best to bless and crown us with content.
Still in the springtime of our love we live;
No cloud has cast a shadow o'er the shrine
Wherein we kneel and where her faith-filled eyes
Behold in me a god; still her white soul
Glows in the censer of a loyal heart
And woos me with its fragrant altar flame.
Ah, it were nothing now to lay aside
Honor and life, glory and gold and all

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Men prizé the most, if it could build for thee,
A bulwark 'gainst the swelling surge that sweeps
Hither to bear us with thee to our doom.
The sacrifice Mexitli calls for now
Must be the purest and most precious gem
Of all the hoarded treasures man loves best.
If to the flaying toplitzin today
My flesh is flung, then over it will roll
The requiem of a young wife's breaking heart;
And it may be the god will deem mine own
A richer gift, since—like a chalice filled
With priceless wine—I'll break it at his feet,
And, with the shattered offering, to him pour
The pure libation of a woman's love.

THE HIGH PRIEST

King, take the tribute of this noble life;
Time presses hard, the Toltec cycle runs
Swiftly away its two and fifty years.
Before the sun sinks in the west again,
Unless we stretch the victim on the stone
And kindle on his bleeding breast the fire
To fill our country with its saving light,
The day will die ere even and the gloom
Of Chaos come and swallow up the world.

MONTEZUMA

The scowling stars unto the presage lend
The testimony that my time is near.
The fates are following fast, like hungry hounds
They'll chase the panting quarry till it dies.
Priest, let the hymn be heard, the blessing said,
And let the consecrating chorus sound
The song that sanctifies the victim's soul.

[MALRIC *steps forward and kneels before the* HIGH PRIEST, *who sings the Benediction.*

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THE HIGH PRIEST (*singing*)

Bend and receive my benediction now,
And as upon the head my hands I lay,
Dream of the deathless crown that waits thy brow,
The martyr's meed we give to thee today.

PRIESTS (*singing*)

The sun-god, Tonatiuh, sees
The sacrifice and sends
His blessing on the morning breeze,
That with our anthem blends.

THE HIGH PRIEST

The warrior's longed-for laurel is a weed
Won when war makes the blood with fire to burn;
But thou, who calmly comest here to bleed
For liege and land, a better boon dost earn.

PRIESTS

The sun-god, Tonatiuh, sees, etc.

THE HIGH PRIEST

The poet's bays, what are they but a wreath
Of rapturous roses withering in the wind!
But thou, who giv'st thy flesh to bleed beneath
The sacred blade, eternal fame shalt find.

PRIESTS

The sun-god, Tonatiuh, sees, etc.

MONTEZUMA

Rise, Malric, now and find within the fane
A recompensing tower to fill thy soul
With fortitude to face thy coming death
As though it were thy wife's warm, welcoming kiss.
Then, in one bitter aftermath of tears,
When loyalty and love are battling hard,

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MONTEZUMA

Clasp her unto thy breast and let they heart
Beat bravely against hers a last farewell.
Then meet us here and on the jasper stone
Pay the great price that Mexitli demands.

[*All go out.*

INTERMEZZO

(*During the music, Youths and Maidens enter with garlands of flowers with which they deck the temples and altar.*)

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EPISODE II

Martial music is heard once more, and MONTEZUMA, *with his retinue, enters.* MALRIC *follows.*

MALRIC

For one short month my earth to heaven was turned;
The bridal wreath I braided on her brow
Is still unfaded, yet my love hath learned
A loftier lesson than my marriage vow.
Her kisses call me back; say, shall I go?
How love and duty battle in my heart!
Love struggles hard, but duty answers "No"
Fate frowns on us and tears our lives apart.

(*singing*)
I have swooned nigh to death in those white arms of thine,
Till the trance that enthralled me hath grown
To a dream where the glories of heaven were mine,
But soon waked on thy bosom to own
That the seraphs who stroll through the regions above,
Never know the rare bliss that I feel
When I wander with thee where the labryinths of love
Their most exquisite raptures reveal.

I have looked on the stars till my listening ears
Have been filled with the strains of the blest;
But my soul a more eloquent harmony hears
In the dreams that I dream on thy breast.
'T is the low, blissful beat of a heart that replies
With a passionate love unto mine;

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'T is the melody heard in thy murmuring sighs
When my being is blending with thine.

Now I go from those white arms of thine to my death,
And the call of my country obey.
And its name shall be blended with thine in the breath
Of the last feeble prayer that I pray.
On the heart which they tear from my breast they shall see,
Ere the tribute is flung to the flame,
That my love till the last was still loyal to thee,
While my life was my country's to claim.

[*The* TOPLITZIN *leads* MALRIC *to one of the temples, which they enter. They return almost instantly accompanied by five other Priests who solemnly conduct* MALRIC *to the sacrificial stone. As he approaches the altar, he tears the flowers from his brow, rends his robe, and breaks his lyre, and flinging the pieces to the right and left, stands naked.*

MALRIC

Over life's fair and sunny skies
The clouds are gathering fast,
But the fond love within thine eyes
Beams faithful till the last.
The roses that once wreathed my brow—
The laughter and the song—
Have vanished ever from me now,
And to the past belong.

Love, that once lent to me the power
To laugh at fate and dare
Life's dreariest and darkest hour,
Now mocks at my despair;
But through the mists that fill mine eyes,
A martyr's crown I see;

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Dear, must I die to clasp the prize
That severs thee and me?

The words that welded us as one—
The whispered midnight vow—
The spells that passion round us spun—
Throng back to whelm me now.
But as I rend my robe and break
The lyre I deem divine,
So love and life for country's sake
Do I this day resign.

[*He walks slowly to the sacrificial stone; where he is seized by the Priests who throw him on the altar. They hold him until the* TOPLITZIN, *with a sudden lunge of his sacrificial blade, opens his breast; into the cavity he thrusts his hand and tearing out the victim's heart, holds it on high. He flings it at the feet of the war-god, then picks it up and places the bleeding offering in the idol's mouth. During this, the sacred fire has been kindled on the victim's breast. Several almost-naked messengers stand by with torches that are lighted by the Priests. When this is done they rush with the lighted brands from the pyramid. As the heart of the victim is being shown to the King, the people kneel. When the fire is lighted they rise and sing.*

CHORUS

Upon the victim's bleeding, burning breast
The sacred, saving fire once more we hail;
It glows again—a beacon of the blest—
A pilot light whose flame shall never fail.

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Across the chasmal years, far in the past—
    It caught the sun-god's bright eternal spark
And leaped to life; and it shall ever last
    To light us on and lead us through the dark.

Long as with faithful hands we do not fail
    To feed the smouldering censers, lest they die,
We need not fear the black foreboding veil
    That creeps at times across our cloudless sky.

[*Suddenly the roar of distant cannon is heard; the sky is reddened with the reflection of flames. The people are panic-stricken. A* MESSENGER *enters breathlessly and rushes to the King.*

THE MESSENGER

I come to cry war's loud unwelcome wail;
I fly before the face of one who seemed
To soar from out the sea and with him bring
The blatant demons of the deep to pour
Their scourging thunder through this quiet land.
King, listen low; the footfall of the fate
Thou long hast feared is drawing close at last;
Not stealing near with soft insidious step,
But with the certain thunder tread of war.
Look, even now their glittering arms appear—
Their golden pennons flutter in the breeze.

MONTEZUMA

What flag is that which flouts me from the height
Of yonder mountainside? What flames are these
That cloud with crimson the unsullied sky
Till clear Tezcuco seems to turn to blood?
What shriek is that? Say, does the eagle feel
The serpent's fangs at last? Then must I fall,

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The sacred symbol now confirms the stars,
And power and pride must yield to destiny.

[CORTÉS *enters with a great train of Spanish soldiers, and* FATHER OLMEDO, *the Spanish priest, who raises the cross on high.* MONTEZUMA *sinks back upon his throne in a daze.*

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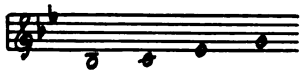
NOTE ON THE MUSIC

By H. J. Stewart

The music for "Montezuma" has been composed with the intention of giving simple and natural expression to the scenes depicted upon the stage, and the action necessary thereto. The basic musical idea which prevails throughout the score is a sequence of four notes:



It will be observed that the first and second notes form the initials of the Bohemian Club.

Upon this simple scheme of notes most of the leading melodies are constructed, as will be seen by the examples quoted below, particularly the Sunrise theme, the Hymn to the Rising Sun, the Benediction, the valse lente (intermezzo), and the aria sung by Malric.

The score commences with a short orchestral prelude, expressive of darkness, in the key of F-minor. A long-sustained tonic pedal gives support to the following theme, announced by the 'cellos, and taken up in turn by the other members of the string choir:

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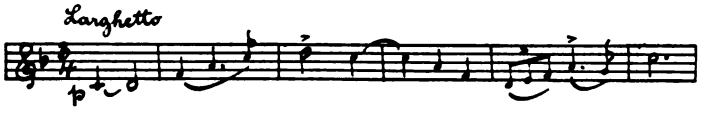
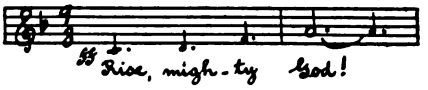
This leads to the first chorus, chanted by the priests within the temple:

> While yet within the cold gray dawn thou hidest,
> Great Lord of Light, our hymn to thee we raise.

At the close of this chorus the approach of dawn is suggested by a sustained tremolo on the violins, in the upper register, followed by the Sunrise theme, assigned in the first place to the clarinet:

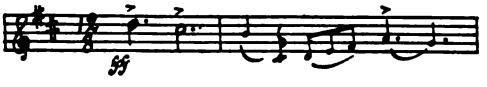


As the light gradually increases the music grows in intensity until full sunlight is reached. At this point the theme is heard on the brass instruments, accompanied by the whole strength of the orchestra. This leads to the Hymn to the Sun, which forms the climax of the scene:



After trumpet calls by the heralds, and the proclamation of the crier, a grand processional march announces the approach of Montezuma and his court:

At the entrance of Montezuma a second theme is heard:



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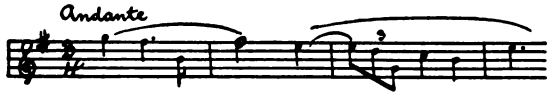
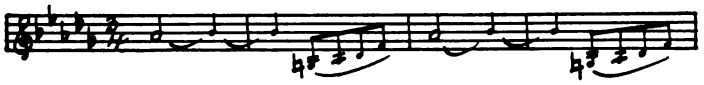
The next musical number is the Benediction, sung by the High Priest. Each verse is followed by a short chorus of priests and people:

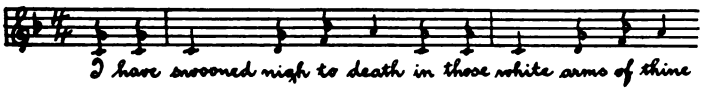
To this succeeds an orchestral intermezzo, expressive of the delights of love, which the youth chosen for sacrifice is renouncing for the sake of his king and country. Its principal theme is as follows:



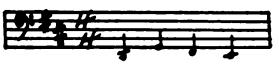
At the close of this movement a valse lente occurs:



During the intermezzo a number of youths enter and decorate the temple for the approaching sacrifice. This leads to a recitative and aria sung by Malric:



The finale is an elaborate movement, in which the composer has endeavored to heighten the dramatic action by appropriate music. The chorus immediately following the sacrifice is built upon a "ground base" or *basso ostinato:*



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This is found, in one form or another, in every measure of the score.

At the close of the scene, on the appearance of Cortéz, accompanied by a priest of the church, the religious character of the music signifies the triumph of Christianity over Paganism.

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THE HAMADRYADS

"SHINE SOFT, O VOYAGER IN THE MIDNIGHT SKY"

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THE THIRD GROVE PLAY

[PERFORMED ON THE TWENTIETH NIGHT OF AUGUST, 1904]

THE HAMADRYADS

A Masque of Apollo

BY

WILL IRWIN

WITH A NOTE ON THE MUSIC
BY THE COMPOSER

W. J. McCOY

J. WILSON SHIELS
SIRE

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FOREWORD

THE SCENE is laid in this grove, and the time is Midsummer Night of that year when the Great Bear stood by the constellation Bootes; or, as mortals measure time, about the season when a people of white countenance and tawny hair first came over the great mountains.

In that time the grove stood unsullied and unshorn. Not yet had mortals begun the war in which so many a mighty trunk, that had conquered the winds a cycle long, fell to ruin and gave back its soul, its gentle hamadryad, to the Essence of Things. Since then, through patronage of Lord Apollo and mercy of the New Power, mortals of kinder sort have stayed the slaughter and restored these vales to their unseen ministers.

Here tell we how it came that Cronos set men spirits to this grove; how Lord Apollo loves these glades, and how he was driven therefrom, leaving the gentle woodfolk in imprisonment and hard distress; how Meledon, spirit of Care, vilest of the old divinities, being refused dwelling in limbo, cheerless home of the conquered gods, and in hell, came to plague the fairest vale of earth; how the New Power, being supplicated, sent deliverance; and how Apollo, the far-darter, slew Care, bringing joy to the woodfolk and beauty to the sons of men.

And to him who, filled with the later lore of righteousness, knows not the ancient lore of beauty, here tell we of hamadryads. Spirits they were of brightness and joy, dwelling in the trees. Of like substance to the immortals, yet were they mortal, for each was born and died with the tree its habitation. All the gods they reverenced, but

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especially Apollo, who held tutelage of groves, and the wild wood-god, Pan. In Hellas and Ausonian land they were woman-spirits, but in these groves men; and of these shall our tale relate.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE POET	Mr. H. McD. Spencer
FIRST HAMADRYAD	Mr. Charles K. Field
SECOND HAMADRYAD	Mr. Henry A. Melvin
THIRD HAMADRYAD	Dr. J. Wilson Shiels
FOURTH HAMADRYAD	Mr. C. K. Bonestell
FIFTH HAMADRYAD	Mr. H. J. Maginnity
SIXTH HAMADRYAD	Mr. C. S. Aiken
HERALD OF THE HAMADRYADS	Mr. Clarence Wendell
MELEDON, *god of care*	Mr. R. M. Hotaling
THE NAIAD	Mr. W. H. Smith, Jr.
APOLLO	Mr. H. McD. Spencer
FIRST ANGEL	Mr. T. V. Bakewell
SECOND ANGEL	Mr. Frank P. Deering

Hamadryads, Young Hamadryads, Saplings, Voices of Angels

Place: "The Grove."
Time: Midsummer Night, early in the nineteenth century.

Production directed and costumes designed by Mr. Porter Garnett.

Musical director, Mr. W. J. McCoy.

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NOTE

After the first draft of "The Hamadryads" was written and before rehearsals began, I was called away from California. Dr. J. Wilson Shiels as sire, and Mr. Porter Garnett as poet-friend of the author, found it necessary, in the process of making the manuscript a practical play, to break certain long speeches by interpolated lines. That work was admirably done by Mr. Garnett. Such passages have been marked by a wavy line in the margin.

W. I.

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THE HAMADRYADS

A Masque of Apollo

To the Memory of Frank Norris,
perfect gentle Knight of Letters.

A glade in the untrodden forest surrounded by giant trees at the foot of a wooded hillside. The time is moonrise of Midsummer Night.

[*After a musical prelude, two figures, representing* COMEDY *and* TRAGEDY, *enter, robed in white himations drawn over their heads in the form of hoods. Each carries a staff on which is mounted a lighted lamp. They sit in profile on the right and left of the scene. The* POET *now enters, and, standing between the two figures, reads the Prologue from a scroll.*

THE POET

Out of the forest have I made this dream,
Out of the winter wood. The heaven-born rain,
The wild, barbarian rain; the mystic fog
That frights the forest with his ghostly touch;
The unnumbered multitude of tiny herbs,
Astir and wakening in earth's fertile womb—
These fed my fancy. From the sleeping shadows
Fair woodland people counseled me; and Apollo,
Patron of poets, blessed my minstrelsy.

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From all their wisdom and their fair perfection
Made I the imperfection of my song.

It is a dream, and yet not all a dream.
Your nations and your grim, gaunt giants of steel,
Your wisdom and your striving— they are dreams.
As vanished Babylon and goodly Tyre
So they shall vanish; but the wilding rose
Blows on the broken battlements of Tyre,
And mosses rend the stones of Babylon.
For beauty is eternal; and I sing
Of beauty everlasting.
O beauty's vassals,
Who keep in this gray autumn of the world
Her springtime in your hearts, attend our tale!
I sing of Hellas and the elder gods;
How Cronos, in the legend of the wood,
Gave woman-spirits to the larch and fir
But men to guard this grove; how fair Apollo
Made merry in these glades, and how he fell;
How fell great Zeus and all his company,
Save only Meledon. He, god of Care,
Who scatters bitter doubt and craven fear,
Was driven out from hell and cheerless limbo,
And came to vex this grove.
Then lay imprisonment and hard distress
Upon the woodland till that newer God—
That rules in heaven— sent deliverance.

Gather, ye forest-folk, and cast your spells
Over these mortals. Touch their world-blind eyes
With fairy unguents. Open their eyes of fancy.
Lull all their memories of yesterday,
And seal the gates of sorrow. Waken, brothers!
Waken, ye gentle sprites of hill and stream!
The magic hour arrives. Begins the dream.

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[*The* POET *goes out followed by the figures of* COMEDY *and* TRAGEDY, *and music illustrative of the suffering of the imprisoned Hamadryads is heard. At the moment the theme of Meledon enters,* MELEDON *is discovered, in the likeness of a bat, clinging to the roots of one of the great trees.*

MELEDON

The blasting worm devour your shaggy hides!
The gopher plague your tendrils! There—and there—
I mark the outlet where thy winter veins
Shall bleed and spill the rain-born nourishment!

FIRST HAMADRYAD (*from tree*)

Now Lord Apollo rend thy loathsome limbs!

MELEDON

Touched, touched, my woodland beauty! There—and there—
I set the inlet where the envious moth
Shall plant her brood! Now worship Meledon,
All-conquering god of Care!

SECOND HAMADRYAD (*from tree*)

The herald owl
Wings to his craggy station. Soon his voice
Shall hail our blessèd night of liberty!

MELEDON

Aye, one short night I vanish, but behind
My memory lingers. When your simple troop
Shall gambol forth in russet pageantry,
Then shall your councils dwell on demon Care;
Your doddering elder loose his age-bound tongue
To prate a foolish tale of buried days
Before the golden reign of Meledon!

[*An owl hoots softly.*

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SECOND HAMADRYAD (*from tree*)

Praise to the gods, he calls!

MELEDON

Now do I turn
My baneful course across the sleeping world,
Eager to plant my biting, evil doubts
In slumbering bosoms, free and innocent;
Instilling into dreams of peace and joy
And gracious beauty, glimpses fell of strife,
Of toil, of torment—yea, and loathly death.
Remember Care till morning. Swift I go
Across a sleeping world of mortal woe!

[*An owl calls thrice.* MELEDON, *laughing, vanishes. Music is heard, and a dim green light is seen on the lower part of one of the great trees. This slowly becomes more intense until the tree glows with it. Now a hand and arm are seen to emerge slowly from the center of the tree, and the youthful, leaf-clad figure of the* FIRST HAMADRYAD *issues slowly and wonderingly, as if awakening from sleep. During this a light is seen to glow—dimly at first and gradually stronger—on another tree.*

FIRST HAMADRYAD (*singing*)

Hola-to-ho!
Hola-to-ho!
Hola-to-ho, to-ho, to-ho!

[*The light now grows bright on the second tree and from its bole enters the* SECOND HAMADRYAD, *an aged man clad like the other in leaves.*

Hola-to-ho!
Hola-to-ho!
Hola-to-ho, to-ho, to-ho!

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[*A third and a fourth tree are lighted, and from them issue the* THIRD *and the* FOURTH HAMADRYADS. *Now all the trees come to life and the whole hillside is flooded with brilliant light. Leaping from the foliage, many Hamadryads run down the hillside and gather in the glade.*

HAMADRYADS (*singing*)

Hola-to-ho!
Hola-to-ho!
Hola-to-ho, to-ho, to-ho!
Leave your boughs and branches olden,
Leave your pillars rough and golden.
Follow, follow
To our meads and caverns hollow;
Follow now the woodland call—
Hola-to-ho!
Hola-to-ho!

HERALD OF THE HAMADRYADS
(*singing*)

Backward now the kingly sun
Doth his course in glory run.
Now the summer lustily
Calls us, calls us, joyous, free.
Sleep the worm and canker foul,
Calls in joy the herald owl,
Hola-to-ho!
Hola-to-ho!
Hola-to-ho, to-ho, to-ho!

HAMADRYADS (*singing*)

Hola-to-ho!
Hola-to-ho!
Hail our night of liberty!
Hola-to-ho, to-ho, to-ho!
Hola-to-ho, to-ho, to-ho!

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[*All the Hamadryads, except their four leaders, now withdraw from the center of the glade and dispose themselves on the lower hillside and about the trees.*

FIRST HAMADRYAD

Shine soft, O voyager in the midnight sky,
Thou red, luxuriant moon! Warm wilding breeze,
Blow memories of golden summers past
Ere Care enchained us. Father of the grove,
Thine ancient blessing on these revelries.
Now lift your weary-burdened hearts and sport
Amid the violets and fragant fern,
Treading the fairy measure as of old,
When laurel-locked Apollo led the train.

[*The* FIRST HAMADRYAD *leads from a clump of enormous ferns two children, who wear the same habit as the Hamadryads. He conducts them to where the* SECOND HAMADRYAD *sits and they take their places on the ground at his feet.*

But harden first your souls for graver things.
Two infant saplings, newly generate,
Demand our annals.

(*to the* THIRD HAMADRYAD)

Thou, our mightiest
King spirit, quick to brook the battling rain,
Tell now of Cronos and the elder gods.

THIRD HAMADRYAD

In the beginning Cronos made the earth,
Poured out the lordly seas and lit the heavens;
And unto every creature of his hand
He set a guardian god; the silent stars,
Forever swinging in their luminous curves,

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Harbored men-spirits, terrible in war
And kingly in their councils; and the winds—
The warrior winds that battle with the stars—
They too were men, shaggy and hoar and fierce.
All these he made; then looked upon the groves.
He saw the linden and the sceptral pine;
He saw the willow, dancing with a breeze
That tossed her tumbled leaves in wantonness.
"Now loose the nymphs," he cried, "the merry
nymphs!"
And unto every burgher of the wood
There came a woman-spirit; white their breasts,
Wanton their snowy thighs, and soft their lips
With amorous murmurs to a summer moon.

FOURTH HAMADRYAD

Aye, neighbors some of this our ancient grove,
They dwelt on yonder verdured hill, and some
Upon the banks that clasp the river flood,
Whose surge in winter, when the north wind blows,
We hear transmuted into melody.
Before great Zeus was stricken in his might
The gracile nymphs were our companions here,
And joyed our revels 'neath the quiet stars,
Their cries and laughter waking from her sleep
The oread, Echo. With the troops of Pan,
The hairy satyrs and the lissome fauns,
They joined in dalliance and merry dance.
Brother, thou dost waken memories bitter-sweet
Of youth and pleasures past; yet tell us now
Of when the Lord Creator gave us life.

THIRD HAMADRYAD

It was a winter night when he beheld
This grove inanimate; the winds were mad,
The rain was wild for battle, and the trees

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Fought as the Titans fought with angry Zeus,
Bent all their mighty thews in unison
And hurtled back the javelins of the blast.
Yea, all that angry night th' embittered gales
Threw their grim frontlets upon bough and branch,
And staggered back in muttering retreat.
But lo! when shepherd Morning leashed the winds,
Gathered his star-flock from the heavens and glanced
His jeweled crook upon the dripping ferns,
The titan grove stood straight and unafraid,
Weary, but all-victorious, bare of leaf,
But not one trunk lay fallen. Then the god
Laughed loud; his mighty laughter shook the hills.
"Women for these?" he cried, and then again,
"Women for these? Nay, godlings, these be men!
Give me men-spirits, stalwart, masterful.
Let women animate the laughing linden,
The careless willow and the slender pine;
But these be men!"
And at the god's command,
Out of the dark, primordial soul of things,
Where sleeps the essence of the little gods
And mortals unconceived, our fathers came,
Stalwart, but gentle; foemen to the winds,
But lovers of the bracken and the fern
And every living thing that in this grove
Drinks sustenance from the brown breasts of Earth.

FIRST HAMADRYAD

And thou, O patriarch of this our tribe,
Father of half our kind, whose soul hath known
The thrilling of that elder, golden age,
Tell now the legend of the happy time.

SECOND HAMADRYAD

Ere Cronos fell from heaven and mighty Zeus

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Usurped Olympus, gave the elder god
To Lord Apollo tutelage of groves,
Of silvern streams and stately trees and vales
And every fragrant herb that glads the earth.
First fair Hymettus was his favored home—
Hymettus, where the heavy-burdened bee
Drones in a purple morning; then in Tempe
He led his golden-sandaled troop; and then
He set his staff by Delphi, in a grove
That rang with laughter of the merry nymphs.
And there, they say, might mortals bring their cares—
The restless tribe of mortals. He, the god,
Laughed at their little loves, their petty hates,
Their ceaseless railing at the will of Zeus.
But he was kindly, and he prophesied.
Yet one time, wearied by their careful cries,
He set his course to westward, girt the world,
And from the studded zones of heaven looked
Upon our fathers. Here no mortal foot
Sullied the maiden soil; the ghost-white streams
All pattered on their stones immaculate
As Dian's girdle. So he bent his course
And last upon this glade, whose meanest clod
Forevermore was sacred to his rites,
He lit in majesty, enstrung his lyre,
Uncinct his laurel locks and 'gan his lay.
Methought that all the minstrel tones of earth
Were in that song; the murmurs of the dawn,
Brute mothers crooning to their tender young;
The whispering of linnets, leaves in autumn;
The warrior-cry of surging cataracts.

FIRST HAMADRYAD

Then was the golden age; Apollo sang
Into our hearts a wondrous ecstasy.
So well we listened and so well he loved

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Our cloistered shadows, redolent with fern,
That many a morning, with his Orphic train,
His presence blessed the arches of this vale.

SECOND HAMADRYAD

Yea, 't was the golden age; the brown-clad bear
Took slaughtered tribute of no living thing.
The squirrels ceased their wars; the wilding stag
Sounded his tocsin but in wanton play,
And fecund plenty wed the lover earth.
In Tenedos, Hymettus, and the vales
That border fertile Tempe, mortals came
With offerings torn all bloody from the limbs
Of great-eyed oxen. These unto the god
Were pleasing, for he knew how mortals joy
In gore and slaughter and the fields of war;
And, as a god, from all his worshipers
Did Lord Apollo ask the best they knew.
We, we alone, with odors from the earth,
Prayers from our whispering leaves and litanies
Sung to the trilling tune of wooing larks,
Worshiped in peace and joy and soberness.
And so he loved us best; and often came
The gods down from Olympus; Father Zeus
Seated by yonder thronèd canopy,
Would waste a summer day in rustic sport.
The hills laid blossoms at the shining feet
Of Aphrodite. Yonder lies a circle
Of sorrel and of poppies that recalls
Our blessèd slumbers in the happy time;
For there in an enchanted cloud she lay
One moon-charmed night.
Ah, brothers, it is past—
Only a vision and a memory.

FIRST HAMADRYAD

Only a vision and a memory!

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Falters thy voice, O father mine; the story
Dies on thy agèd lips.

[*The* FIFTH HAMADRYAD *steps forward from the group on the hillside.*

What wouldst thou?

FIFTH HAMADRYAD

Stay!
A truce to legendry and ancient tales.
Our precious night of freedom wears apace;
So let our younger comrades tread the dance,
As was our wont before the heavy days
Of our captivity.

SECOND HAMADRYAD

'T is well.

FIFTH HAMADRYAD

What ho!
Now let your footsteps through the greenwood glance.
Come hither, friends, and join the merry dance.

[*Eight Young Hamadryads run to the center of the circle and begin a dance, which, as it continues, becomes more and more lively until it culminates finally in an extremely spirited passage, punctuated by the cries of the dancers who finally run off among the trees.*

SIXTH HAMADRYAD

Alas, how doth the sprightly dance recall
The joyous days of yore. But let us hear
The fate that overtook the elder gods.
How fell Apollo as a seasoned trunk
Falls when the grove makes battle with the winds.
Thou dost remember, brother, yea, and thou.

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FIRST HAMADRYAD

I was a sapling on that fearful night.
Thrice had my rootlets drunk the summer dew,
And thrice my baby tendrils at the breasts
Of Earth the Giver strained for sustenance.
The time was winter, but a winter kind—
Like to the ghost of summer. In our meads
The lark was babbling, and the grizzled bear
Forth from a cavern heaved his battered bulk
As though the spring were calling; and a breeze—
A little zephyr sporting in my leaves
With infant fantasy— he whispered me
That here was summer come before her time.
But much mine elders marveled, wondering
If this foretold the presence of the god.
Night drave her car across the zenith; sheer
From her broad wheel the foolish meteors fell,
And on the world a windless silence lay.

FOURTH HAMADRYAD

I do remind me of the time and how
A wonder fell upon us and a dread;
Suspense and fear found harbor in our breasts
The night was filled with augury of woe.
Sudden along the eastern sky there blazed
A planet like a sun; the portent flamed
Where never star had shone before, and then
The heavens opened and a gleaming train,
Garbed like the morning in celestial light,
Upon the planets beat with flaming wings,
And raised their voice in choral melody.
"Peace unto earth," they sang; "good will to man."
Good will to man, my brothers, mortal man!
But woe to gods and nymphs and all the folk
Of this fair grove; for ere the night was done,
A mighty gale embroiled the upper air,

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And Lord Apollo, stripped of majesty,
Fell backward through the ether, close pursued
By seraphim.

FIRST HAMADRYAD

Ah, woe that he should fall,
The gracious god, beloved of mighty Zeus
The Thunderer! Ah, woe that he should fall!
Gleaming his brow and golden were his curls;
Comely his countenance and fair his form;
Serene in power, masterful, yet kind;
Soft as a woman, yet as Ares stern;
Commanding and yet gentle; swift and strong;
Compassionate, yet quick to punish wrong!

SIXTH HAMADRYAD

Ah, woe to us, his servitors, and all
The denizens of this Hesperian grove!

FOURTH HAMADRYDAD

Ah, woe indeed! Alas that I should see
Apollo die. All broken did he fall,
But godly even in defeat; and then
The wondering void was thronged with fleeting gods.
Backward reeled Father Zeus, but hurling still
His harmless bolts that crumpled on the bare,
Bright bosoms of the seraphim; fell Pan
And ox-eyed Hera; yea, and Heracles,
And after, all the satyrs and the nymphs.
Yet one escaped the universal wrath;
For on a nymph an eager seraph bore
And overcast his javelin and coursed
In headlong charge across th' empyrean.
Freed from his mad pursuit, the goddess wheeled,
And fluttering downward like a blighted leaf,
She cowered by my roots, her bruisèd limbs

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Fairer than man's perfection. Trooping forth,
My brothers raised her hyacinthine brows,
And, dreading her reply, we questioned her.
"The gods are gone," she cried, "and heaven falls!"

THIRD HAMADRYAD

Thou weepest, brother; bitter is thy tale,
And bitter, too, the memories it recalls.
Yet tell us how, all trembling and in tears,
She told us of the fateful strife.

FOURTH HAMADRYAD

Once more
She cried, "The gods are gone; all, all are gone!
A babe has wrought this woe—a mortal babe!
Weep, weep, for Zeus is conquered!" So she wailed,
But ere again she spake, the seraph turned
Earthward his purple ægis, whirled her on,
And there were no more gods.
No more, no more
Shall ocean break to jewels on the feet
Of foam-born Aphrodite. Ah, no more
Shall herald Hermes bend his sea-bright wings.
Stilled in Apollo's lay. The gods are dead.
And where the meadows blossomed at their tread,
And Parmian maidens, robed with innocence,
Their garlands on the living marble twined,
Men lift a broken form upon a cross.
For Hellas hath forgot, and only we
Keep their sweet semblance in loved memory.

SIXTH HAMADRYAD

Yet we survive. O father of the grove,
What mercy moved these upstart, conquering powers?
Were we so tiny that these gods forgot?

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SECOND HAMADRYAD

Nay, harder fate was ours. When passed the night
And on the ridges broke a soulless morn,
I sought to issue from my woody home.
A languor bound my sinews; prison bars
Became my needled verdure; all about
The trunks were shaken as, with bootless might,
My brothers strained at bonds invisible,
And sank to rest in bitter, dull despair—
No more bright spirits, perfect in the form
And likeness of the gods, of motion free,
Delighting much to roam these glades and throng
On moon-kind nights to joyous revelry,
But forms insensate, prisoned in their homes.

Since then, my sons, how heavy are the days;
How heavy, drear, and sad the changeless years;
How dark the star-spanned cycles!
Yet the new,
Proud power that rules in heaven was merciful,
For when the kingly sun in solemn progress
Stands on the nothern borders of his realm,
And summer flows full-tide, on one sweet night
Swift are our wooded pinfolds all unlocked;
Reviving motion thrills our wasted thews
And we are living spirits, new-animate,
Until the holy dawn.

THIRD HAMADRYAD

For that small boon
The niggard, conquering gods demand full fee,
Since on this fairest vale as sentinel
They set foul Care, the demon, Meledon.

SIXTH HAMADRYAD

Foul Care, the vilest of the elder gods,

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Brother of harpies! to the Gorgon mate!
And consort of the fell Eumenides!

[MELEDON *appears at the back of the circle.*

SECOND HAMADRYAD

Look, look, he comes! Now harden your young sinews
And vengeance, brothers, vengeance on his head!

[*The Hamadryads rush upon* MELEDON, *who vanishes, laughing. He reappears higher up the hillside, laughs and vanishes again.*

SIXTH HAMADRYAD

Vain, vain, he mocks us!

SECOND HAMADRYAD

Nay, he will not spare
Even our night of blessèd liberty!

[MELEDON *reappears at the back of the circle.*

MELEDON

Now smite me, smite me!

[*A Hamadryad rushes at him and strikes him.*

For that impious blow
The cankerworm shall gnaw your gnarlèd root;
The flesh-fond buzzard on your crested top
Shall mouth his odious feast; and for those curses
The wasp unwomb his poison in your bark.
Fools of the world! Your night of liberty
Is burned and blasted. Worshiped ye the gods?
Then worship now the sole, immortal spirit
Of all their gleaming cohort—Meledon!

SIXTH HAMADRYAD

Never while memory of their gracious reign
Burns on the altars of this bosom!

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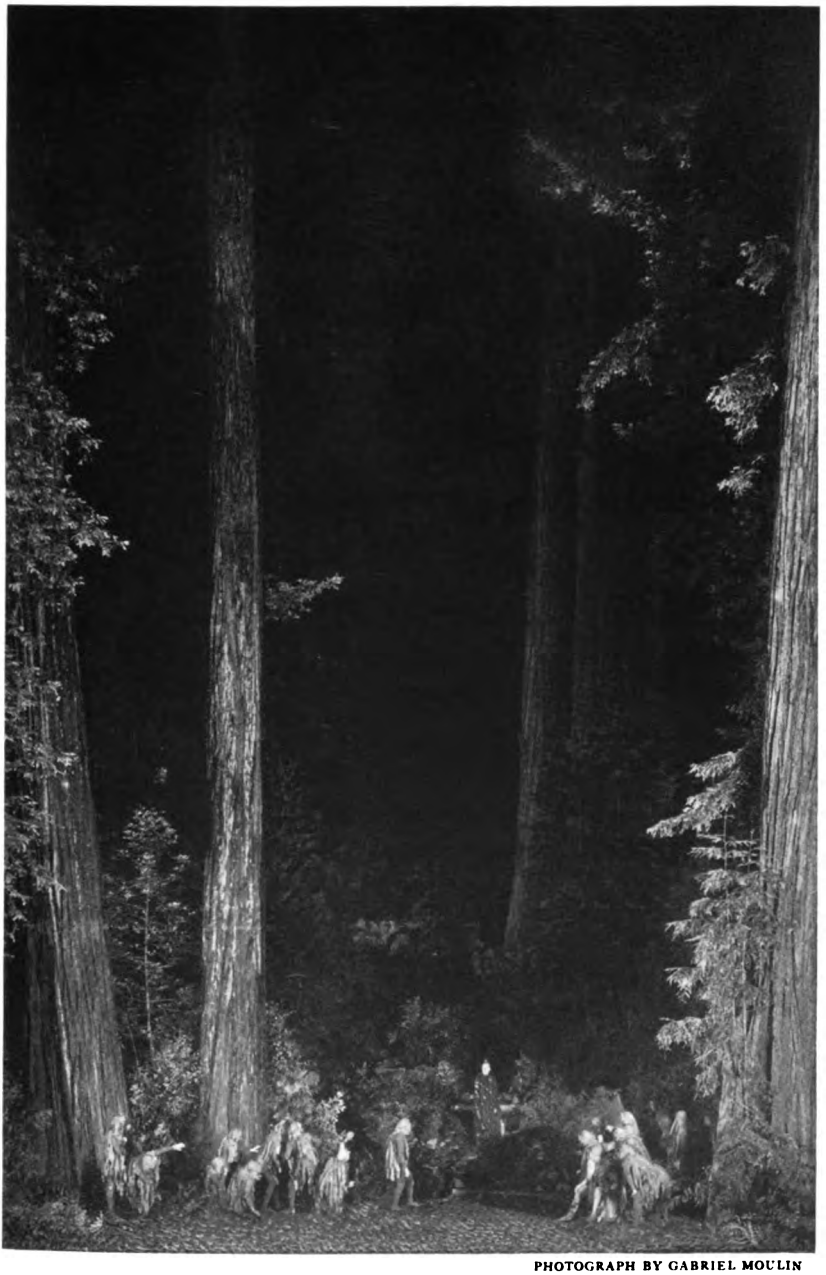

PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIEL MOULIN

A SCENE FROM "THE HAMADRYADS"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE PERFORMANCE

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MELEDON

Hark!
Crouched on the frontlet of yon craggy hill
I listened, laughing, to your foolish tale.
Then hear the bitter end, till now untold:
When out of Chaos came the newer power—
Whose earthly herald was a mortal babe,
And yet immortal—fell the gleaming court
Of Zeus and Hera to a dark domain.
Barren its meads; the sapless asphodel
Blows by its mighty crevasses corpse-white;
And there is neither sun nor errant moon,
Nor misery nor joy; a hueless realm.
Unfelt alike the raptures of high heaven
And agonies of hell. There stricken babes,
Dead from the womb and uninitiate
Into the newer faith, unfeeling dwell
With soulless mortals. There the gods are pent.
Men call it limbo. To its iron portal
I came, impounded by the seraphim.
The jewel-girded warder barred my way.
"What god art thou?" he cried. "Care!" quoth I.
"Meledon!"
Then spake the warder: "Nay, a prison-house
And not a torture chamber this; thy presence
Would make this hell! Harry him forth to Satan!"
Up sprang a multitude of waspish imps,
Brandished their biting stings, and drove me on.
Through many a dim star-space, in revelry
Obscene, we swung; and ere the gate of hell
Glowered across our blood-red course, the imps
Became my willing vassals, I their monarch.
But envious Satan, from his blackened bars,
Refused me hospice. "I am king in hell!"
He cried. "So sharp thy tortures, Meledon,
My guests would mock my serpents and my bolts,

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My trumpings and my fires, and thou wouldst rule
In hell. My devils, harry him to earth!"
The canker festers in the fairest rose,
And lechery in sweetest bosoms dwells;
And here within this lovliest sylvan vale
I found my favored seat.
Across the midnight
There blows a sound of careless merriment.
Where jocund youth and wreathèd innocence
Hold revel—there is prey for Care! I go,
Transmuting mortal joy to bitterest woe!

[*He vanishes, laughing.*

THIRD HAMADRYAD

Heard ye the message? Lord Apollo lives!
Now pour thy foulest poison, demon Care.
Unwitting have thy wingèd words brought healing
For all thy torments! Lord Apollo lives!

SECOND HAMADRYAD

This night is full of portent; prophecy
Unlocks mine agèd vision. I behold
Deliverance of the people of the grove!

FOURTH HAMADRYAD

Look, look! The stream! Our sister naiad wakes!

[*A stream is seen suddenly to flow down the upper hillside, falling in a cascade. From the cascade stands forth the* NAIAD *all dripping with the waters.*

THE NAIAD

Hail, holy night! And thou, dear amorous air
That blows across the upper region, hail!
Ah, sweet my lover stream, untenanted
Since heaven swept me forth, how fares with thee?

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As longs the stricken linnet for her nest
So hath my weary soul, in dark abode,
Desired thy music wanderings, thy banks
Embowered with censered mint and plumy fern,
Thy shallows where my white, luxuriant limbs
Ensilvered all the ripples in old years.
Thou mighty corps in verdant panoply,
My stalwart brothers in the golden time,
As messenger I come. Our ancient lord,
Mourning in limbo vale, desires your aid.

FIRST HAMADRYAD

Now steel your thews for war. Apollo calls!
Speak on. We follow, though his bidding lead us
Against the walls of heaven.

THE NAIAD

Nay, no summons
Of hostile arms I bring. List, brothers, list.
Long time Apollo on the dewless meads
Fingered his broken bow and silent lyre,
And dreamed on battle and rebellion fierce.
Long their unhonored councils kept the gods.
But cycles waxed and waned; unchanging swung
The studded heavens, and a brooding stupor
Congealed the godly ichor in their veins,
Till Lord Apollo's mighty spirit brake.
"Unto thy will, O conquering power," he cried,
"I bow submissive. We were selfish gods
That wrung from mortals offering and prayer
And threw them mocking boon of prophecy.
But give me back my groves, my silvern groves,
And, most of all, that valley of the west
Where dwelt men-spirits, stalwart, masterful.
So I will do thy bidding." And a seraph,
Poised on the cheerless battlement, in course

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'Twixt earth and hell, heard how the god complained
And marked his penitence. The angel's vision,
Searching our gloomy concourse, dwelt on me,
And sudden from the dreary vale I rose;
Cleft the illumined ether; cleft this world;
And through thy sources, my belovèd stream,
Came I to beauty of the waving forest.
None spake the message; yet mine inner spirit
Received it. Mighty brothers of the grove,
Of all the gleaming company of Zeus
Ye dwell alone on earth. Some greater plan,
By me uncomprehended, bound ye here,
Shut in your leafy prisons. Ye alone
In hard rebellion brook the conquering power
And worship fair Apollo. Vain, ah, vain
Your suppliance and pious whisperings
To old divinities! A greater god
Rules in the thronèd heavens; to him your prayer
Ascending, shall the gloomy gates unfold;
And Lord Apollo, vested as the sun,
Shall bring ye back the good, the golden age.

FIFTH HAMADRYAD

Now thrice redoubled be the stings of Care
Before I break my fair allegiance
To Lord Apollo.

SECOND HAMADRYAD

Nay, thy babbling youth
Burns rash and sudden. I am very old,
And long the stars in silent eloquence
Have taught me counsel. Good, my lusty sons,
Than Cronos greater, mightier than Zeus,
This new divinity. And since Apollo
Bows to his kingly sway, so let me bow.
O night unseen, eternal, hear me now!

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(*singing*)
Hidden God of righteousness,
Lighten thou my dark distress.
We, the woodland people wild,
Low in heart and reconciled,
Bow beneath thy conquering sword,
Praising thee, Almighty Lord!

[*The voices of angels are heard chanting.*

VOICES OF ANGELS (*singing*)

For he is mighty! For he is gracious! For he is merciful!
The Lord, our God, is merciful!

[*The* FIRST ANGEL *appears on the hillside.*

FIRST ANGEL (*singing*)

He hath heard! He hath heard! Our God shall bring
deliverance!
For the seas are glad with his countenance,
And the hills in his might rejoice,
And the flowers in their beauty do his will,
And the rivers sing at his voice,
And the forests gladden the wilderness
By the grace of his glorious word,
Who hath answered the prayer of the simple folk
That called in praise of their Lord.
He hath answered the prayer of the simple folk
That called on their mighty Lord.
Deliverance! Deliverance! He grants deliverance!

VOICES OF ANGELS (*singing*)

For he is mighty! For he is gracious! For he is merciful!
The Lord, our God, is merciful!

[*The* FIRST ANGEL *vanishes and the* SECOND ANGEL
appears and speaks.

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SECOND ANGEL

Now worship ye in holiness the Lord
Who hears your supplication. By his will
The cheerless gates are opened, and Apollo,
Hailed once as god, is freed. Ye, also free,
Shall roam these meadows as in olden years.
No sacrifice Apollo asks. All broken
His fever-bearing darts. No prophecies
Fall from his prideless lips, and only beauty
Lingers of all his goodly attributes.
And thus I speak my message:
On all the earth
Is righteousness victorious. Men are saved,
But men, in contemplation of the heavens,
The light that blazons the eternal throne,
The goodness of our God, forget fair earth—
Forget the gladsome rivers and the rites
And pageantries of forests. Simple sprites,
Who habited the groves in ancient time,
When reverence was beauty, you are spared
To keep your temples for the sons of men.
So, gliding through these sylvan groves, unseen,
Do ministry of beauty. On your breast
Shall mortals know dear loveliness and rest.

[MELEDON *appears on an elevation at the back of the circle whence he defies the angel.*

MELEDON

Play on, wood-fools and heavenly fool! Bring hither
Your mortal fools—a feast for Meledon,
A feast for Care! Hell and limbo spurned me.
But here I rule! Lo, at your rebel edict.
I hurl defiance!

SECOND ANGEL

Now art thou condemned.

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Ho! garlanded Apollo, one last arrow
Burns in thy gleaming quiver. Speed it on
In service of thy conqueror!

[*The* SECOND ANGEL *vanishes. A blast of trumpets is heard and on the far hillside appears* APOLLO, *nude save for his crown of gleaming rays and his golden chlamys; along the ridges dawn breaks behind him. He draws his bow and shoots his arrow of fire. It strikes* MELEDON, *who falls and dies. The music merges into a triumphal march.* APOLLO *advances down the hillside; the Hamadryads, running to greet him, burst into their chorus of triumph. He reaches the body of* MELEDON *and sets his foot upon it, as the chorus ends.*

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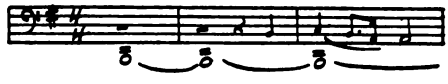
NOTE ON THE MUSIC

By W. J. McCoy

In writing the music for "The Hamadryads" the composer has endeavored to parallel in his medium of expression the various ideas and emotions as they succeed one another in the text and action.

The prelude merges directly into the theme of Suffering suggestive of the anguish of the Hamadryads fated to endure the tortures of Meledon, the god of Care:



This theme is built upon a long-sustained pedal B and is first announced by the 'cellos and extensively developed in imitation by the other strings and the reed choir. It is heard supporting the lines indicative of Meledon's molestation and maledictions, until he disappears at the thrice-repeated call of the owl which announces to the Hamadryads the arrival of their hour of respite—their "blessèd night of liberty." As the scene progresses and the action becomes more intense the pedal foundation of the orchestral illustration rises chromatically at each succeeding repetition of its entrance to its culmination which occurs at the disappearance of Meledon. During the progress of this action Meledon's lines are invariably

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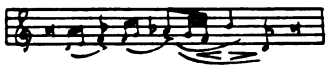
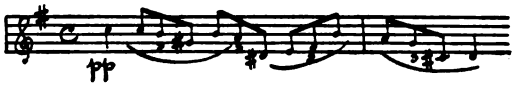
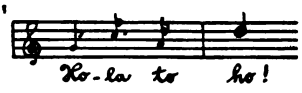
introduced by the Meledon theme from the entire reed choir:



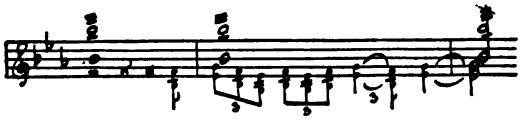
Alternating with the above and during those portions of the dialogue assigned to the Hamadryads is heard from the violins the Music of Hope:



This is always introduced by the Hamadryad theme announced by the horn:



The appearance and call of the owl is indicated by the Owl theme, expressed by the horns, accompanied by a tremulous B-flat in the violins:



After the disappearance of Meledon and when the forest has relapsed into a profound silence, the Illumination Music begins:

This is assigned to the clarinet, accompanied by a mingled tremolo of strings reënforced by the reeds, which, combined with the recurring Music of Hope, accompanies

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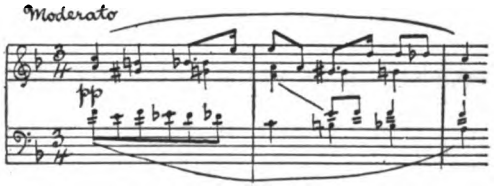
the gradual illumination of the first great tree until its Hamadryad, released from his confinement, appears and calls to his fellows. The call, "Hola-to-ho," is on the Hamadryad theme. This is repeated cumulatively as the Hamadryads assemble, until it includes the full power of the orchestra. The whole forest by this time being lighted up, all sing the Chorus of the Hamadryads. This introduces again, in a solo assigned to the Herald of the Hamadryads, the Illumination Music.

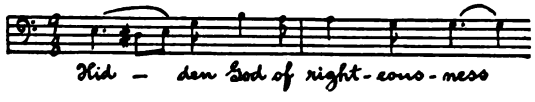
The colloquy of the Hamadryads, which follows this first scene, is interrupted by the introduction of a dance, written and scored somewhat in *le style ancien.* The first part is suggestive of lightness and pleasantry:

This is followed by a trio growing gradually in excitation until, in the coda, the tempo is considerably increased with the introduction of bizarre effects in the orchestra.

At the appearance of the Naiad from the waterfall, and incidental to the delivery of her message to the Hamadryads, the orchestra plays the Music of the Naiad:



In obedience to the behest of the higher power, the Second Hamadryad, in a solo accompanied by the choral pleadings of all his fellow spirits, sings the Supplication:



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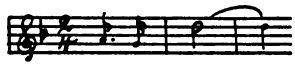
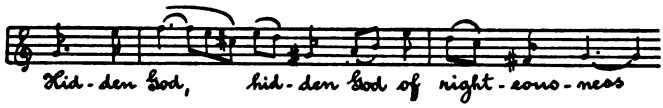
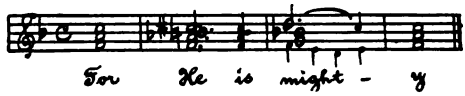
In the chorus at this point the Music of Hope, typical of the Hamadryads, is again heard:



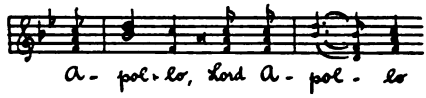
This is immediately followed by the appearance of the First Angel, who sings the Song of Deliverance:



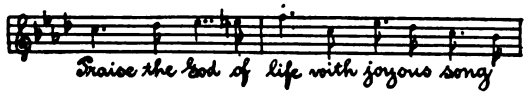
Alternating with this is the Chorus of the Angelic Hosts:



The defiance of Meledon directed at the Second Angel is followed by the appearance of Apollo, announced by the Apollo theme:



Following the slaying of Meledon, Apollo is brought down the hillside by the Grand Processional March:



Finally Apollo joins the Hamadryads on the stage, and the entire chorus and orchestra continue the march music to the end.

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THE QUEST OF THE GORGON

PERSEUS, ATHENE, AND THE SIBYL

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THE FOURTH GROVE PLAY

[PERFORMED ON THE TWELFTH NIGHT OF AUGUST, 1905]

THE QUEST OF THE GORGON

A Musical Drama

BY

NEWTON J. THARP

WITH A NOTE ON THE MUSIC
BY THE COMPOSER

THEODOR VOGT

NEWTON J. THARP
SIRE

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FOREWORD

THE DRAMA is based upon the mythological conceptions of Gæa (the Earth) and Phœbus Apollo (Light), being the agencies through which all the visible manifestations of nature are carried on; Dionysos—in his broader significance as god of moisture, growing vegetation, flowers and vines—bringing good to mankind; and the Gorgon as a personification of evil and corroding Care, ever present, ever watchful, eager to snatch away from mortals the morsels of joy given them by Dionysos and other gods.

A free use is also made of the myths of Perseus and the Sibyls, and other mythological lore.

The scene is first at Delphi, the home of Apollo's oracle, where opens the cavern with its prophetic vapors, and where stood the omphalos—Earth's navel— the sacred stone supposed to have marked her exact center, and later before the cave of the Gorgon.

At the beginning of the play, the ancient delphian sibyl tells how she acquired her long life and the gift of prophecy. She holds a colloquy with Gæa regarding the slaying of the Gorgon.

Dionysos appears in his autom festival to render homage to Gæa and Phœbus, with propitiatory ceremony.

Perseus now appears and tells Dionysos and his throng that his reason for visiting the oracle is to be advised of the way to the Gorgon and how to slay her. Dionysos tries to turn him from his task by pointing out its seeming hopelessness, and asks Perseus to join him on his march through the lands of the mortals, and to assist him in his work of teaching them, as the surest way of giving them

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happiness, the growing of fruits and vines. Perseus refuses, saying that there can be no real happiness while the Gorgon lives.

The sibyl being assured of the fitness of Perseus to attempt the death of the Gorgon, agrees to use her power and call the gods to his assistance. This she does with the result that Perseus is sent on his way with the helmet of Hades, which will render him invisible at will; the winged sandals and sword of Hermes; and the shield of Athene.

A parabasis in the form of a hymn to Apollo now occurs, followed by the final scene in which the Gorgon is slain by Perseus.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

PERSEUS	Dr. J. Wilson Shiels
THE SIBYL	Mr. R. M. Hotaling
DIONYSOS	Mr. L. A. Larsen
SILENOS	Mr. W. B. Hopkins
PAN	Mr. W. H. Smith, Jr.
HADES	Mr. Amédée Joullin
HERMES	Mr. E. C. Ford
ATHENE	Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto
THE VOICE OF GÆA	Mr. Frank P. Deering

Sileni, Satyrs, Sylvans, Mænads, Mortals, Muses, Priests, Victims of the Gorgon

Place: Scene I—The sacred grove of Phœbus Apollo at Delphi.
Scene II—Before the cave of the Gorgon.

Time: The dim Homeric past.

* * *

Settings, costumes, and properties designed by the author.

* * *

Musical Director, Mr. Theodor Vogt.

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THE QUEST OF THE GORGON

A Musical Drama

PROLOGUE

The sacred grove of Phœbus Apollo at Delphi. In the foreground is the omphalos. At the back is a cavern before which a low fire burns. Among the trees is a temple. The time is early morning before the dawn.

[*The* SIBYL *approaches from the cave, leaning on a staff.*

THE SIBYL

This day, my last!
Now Thanatos around me locks his chains,
And Charon beckons from the stygian shore.
A thousand years have gone since I, cast forth
On Life's capacious lap, lay waiting for
The thread the Fates had spun to guide me on
Through mortal way. A thousand years!
So many dawns have passed before my ken,
That as I see them each from Memory's book
Unfold, they seem as all the leaves of autumn
In endless stream from here to Chaos' realm.

A thousand years!
Aye, clear mirrored lies within my brain
The fateful day when I, to youth's bright vale

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Full come, walked beside the brook and saw
A gleam effulgent from behind me thrown.
Turning, there stood the god of light himself,
Phœbus, radiant as when above he rides
The zenith bare in golden chariot borne.
"Fair maid," he spoke, "this morn as I from out
My palace in the glowing east arose,
The morning star appeared not. But when o'erhead
Thy image fair looked up and seemed as she,
I reined my fiery steeds and to thee came.

Rise!
And my companion be to fill the day—
At close, I thee shall set in mellow west,
As evening star, clear harbinger of coming night!"
Then slow I spake, " I say thee nay!
A simple mortal such as I may not
Aspire to sit upon a godlike throne.
But, if I favor find within thine eyes,
Grant me one boon." And stooping quick,
I filled my hands with glittering sand,
And held them high in air—
"See, Apollo, see!
Grant me as many years of life
As grains of sand within my hands may be!"

Then looked he on me in all kindness grown—
" Maid of mortal man, I grant thee thy desire.
Count slow each grain of sand within thy hands,
And when the last is reached,
Then wilt thou know thy years.
Wisdom shalt thou have, and gift of prophecy;
But in the end shalt pass as mortals do.
To Delphic shrine take way, and there,
By cavern dark and sacred omphalos,

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Mouth thou such insights to the future bourne
As gods might vouchsafe man."

A thousand years!
A thousand years have I his will put forth,
And well do mortals know its wondrous worth.
Kings, warriors, decrepit age, aspiring youth,
All have sought me in their black despair,
And all have I enlightened. Aye,
Of burdens have I found for men surcease,
Save one— most dark and weighty of them all—
But e'en this day, though well my last,
Shall I the foul corroding thing encompass.
Gæa! Gæa!

[*She strikes the omphalos.*

THE VOICE OF GÆA

Who calls?
Who dares arouse me from my mighty dreams?

THE SIBYL

Gæa! Gæa!
Not once before, in all my years,
Hath she my summons answered.
'T is I, pythoness, eldest of thy children—
Save these tall and mighty trees that stood,
As now in solemn majesty, when first
I walked these groves—
Gæa! Gæa! Primal prophetess!

[*She strikes the omphalos again.*

From out the wisdom, hoarded in thy vast
Mysterious depths, spell me the secret way
By which I may men of the Gorgon rid
Before my hours are numbered.

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THE VOICE OF GÆA

All things I give but all to me return;
Some would mount the clouds, and ride
The azure fields of heaven;
Some me defy and plant themselves as rock—
But, e'en as thou this day shalt surely do,
They all to me return! return! return!

THE SIBYL

Why speak'st thou me in such titanic strain?
Must I to thee return as handful of
Thy dust, without mankind assuaged
The monster Gorgon's presence?

THE VOICE OF GÆA

As man is mortal so the Gorgon is.
Two things may slay the foul and hideous fiend—

THE SIBYL

Speak on, I guess not full thy meaning.

THE VOICE OF GÆA

Wisdom and youth—
Of wisdom art thou long possessed—
This moment feel I Youth's hot feet upon
My placid breast. Use well the hours thou hast
That e'en this day the Gorgon shall to me
Return! return! return!

[*The sound of pipes is heard in the distance.*

THE SIBYL

Dionysos and his joyous throng
This morn entwine them with their garlands green

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To hold glad concourse on the mossy banks,
And homage make to Earth and god of light.
In Gorgo's death shall I all mortals bring
To that same happy state wherein do dwell
The gods who roam these groves.

[*She retires into the cave.*

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SCENE I

The scene is the same as in the Prologue.

[*Groups of Sileni, Satyrs, Sylvans, and Mænads are seen gradually approaching from all sides. They enter waving laurel branches and thyrsi, and clashing their timbrels. Among them is* SILENOS *riding an ass.*

CHORUSES

Euhoe! Euhoe! O Bacchus!
Euhoe! O great god, Dionysos!
Euhoe! Euhoe!

We come from mountain field and plain,
We come enwreathed in merry train,
To sing thy praises o'er again—
Joy fill the woodland way!
Silenos old leads on the throng,
With reeling dance and joyous song,
Kind Echo rolls our mirth along—
Quick come the gladsome day!
Euhoe! Euhoe!

With flying feet and cymbals bright,
Pan tunes his pipes to our delight;
Revelry greets the morning light,
Myx steals her gloom away.
Wood-gods and mænads whirl the round,
Rocks ope to oreads at a bound,
Leaves tremble with a whispering sound—
Let ivy crown the day!
Euhoe! Euhoe!

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O god of life and light and mirth!
O god of fruitful Mother Earth!
Bacchus entwine us from our birth
With leafy, curling vine.
Fling joy as Zeus his bolts of fire
Melt down our beings in desire,
Lead us where burns empyrean fire,
And fill our souls with wine.
Euhoe! Euhoe!

SILENOS (*singing*)

O revelers! O revelers!
Now, on this spot divine
We lead the way,
At break of day,
To Bacchus, god of wine.

O revelers! O revelers!
As leaves our brows entwine,
With lusty shout
And revel rout
We hail him god of wine,
Euhoe! Euhoe!
O Bacchus, god of wine!
Euhoe! Euhoe!

[DIONYSOS *enters, mounted on a golden car.*

DIONYSOS (*singing*)

Cease! minions mine of forest dim and dark!
Hold! dwellers in the spreading sunlit fields!
All those from out the caverns' gloomy depths,
All those who live in noisy tumbling streams—
Or, from the warm moss-laden banks,
Laugh gaily at the nymphian pranks—
Cease your ringing clamour now!

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This morn, ere Eos scarce hath ta'en her flight,
In frightened way, before the god of light,
Come we in joyous train to render low
The homage due his shrine— Earth's navel—
Last link between the mighty mother and
The sky, when both from blackest Chaos sprung.
Long months hath lain the germing seed
Beneath the glowing surface, bride of earth-mould,
In whose warm embrace
It hath to full fruition come.
Now, pluck we of its purple clustering growth,
And press the juice from out the ruby hearts,
The juice that is to us ambrosial,
To mortal veins as ichor of the gods.

CHORUSES (*singing*)

O Earth, O Earth, who doth our travail bear,
O Earth, O Earth, thy leafy crowns we wear,
And thus with wine of trailing vine,
We thee propitiate!

[*They sprinkle wine on the ground.*

O god of light, who doth the heavens ride,
O god of light, from morn to eventide,
Through all hours long, in joyous song,
We thee propitiate!

[*They toss flowers into the air as if hailing the sun.*

DIONYSOS (*singing*)

Hear me, Dionysos I,
Son of Zeus and Semele,
Come to render homage high
Where the fonts of godhead be.
To the Earth and god of light,

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Swift we tune our song's delight—
Sustenance these two do give
To all things that grow and live;
Lifting high the towering pine,
Sending forth the trailing vine,
That, at autumn's mellow time,
Fills the press with ruddy wine.

Hear me, Dionysos I,
Son of Zeus and Semele,
To all men these things would I
Carry forth and freely give:
Teach the growing of the root,
And the tree with savory fruit;
Scatter flowers 'long the way,
Brightening the gloomy day;
Sending forth the trailing vine,
That, at autumn's mellow time,
Fills the press with ruddy wine,
Flooding souls with thoughts divine.

CHORUSES (*singing*)

(*Strophe*)

With a clamor,
And a glamour,
Through the woodland's paths we ring;
Flutes high sounding,
Echo bounding,
As we laugh and gaily sing
Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
As we laugh and gaily sing.

(*Antistrophe*)

With sweet flowers,
From our bowers,
Wreathe we garlands every morn;

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Ivy bringing,
Thyrses swinging,
Beauty is this day new born.
'T is true, we trow!
Beauty is this day new born.

(*Strophe*)

Timbrels clashing,
White feet flashing,
Round the mystic circle go;
Arms high waving,
Light forms swaying,
To the bending dances low—
Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
To the bending dances low.

(*Antistrophe*)

Clusters growing,
Wine is flowing,
Harvest now earth's nectared spoil;
Pleasure presses,
Flying tresses,
Know we not the pain of toil,
'T is true, we trow!
Know we not the pain of toil.

(*Epode*)

Singing is but Beauty's laughter,
Beauty is but song in form,
Dancing; song and beauty playing,
Wine, the inspiration mild.
Song and beauty, wine and dancing,
Are the gifts of life entrancing—
Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
Are the gifts of life entrancing.

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[*The celebrants perform the dances of a Dionysian festival. In the midst of the dancing* PAN *enters running, with three Satyrs.*

PAN

Cease, revelers!
Drown your boisterous clamor now!
And I to thee shall joyful tale relate.
A moment since, while we, on rapid feet,
Sprang light and laughing through the leafy glades,
To join your revel in the bewildering dance—
There, in slumber sound across our path,
A group of mortals lay.

CHORUSES

Mortals, asleep upon the ground?

PAN

Aye, but not for long—
Creeping softly to each sleeping form,
We tuned our pipes to limpid, maddening tones,
And in their ears poured wondrous melody.

CHORUSES

Played your pipes in their very ears?

PAN

Aye, and they waked not, but
O'er the brows of all were painted dreams Elysian.
Fain would we then have drawn away
And left them lying in their happy state;
But such is not the way of woodland folk,
When mad prank offers within easy reach.
Stooping, we filled our arms with fallen leaves,
And then, by nimble spring we clothed

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Each sleeping form from head to foot
With golden tokens of the autumn time.

CHORUSES

Ha, ha! Ho, ho! Did they not then awaken?

PAN

Indeed!
Quick we jumped beneath low hanging boughs,
As to their feet they leaped in muffled shout,
Sputtering, and vowing vengeance dire upon
The ones who played them such unseemly pranks.

CHORUSES

Ha, ha! Ho, ho! And have they followed thee?

PAN

Aye, even so,
As now we speak, come they along the path
Of yonder glen. In lead, a mighty youth,
A veritable god among the mortal kind;
With spear in hand, he brings them on, shaking
His head like angry boar when stung
With hunter's darts.

CHORUSES

Ha, ha! High fun is this of merriest sort,
A mortal angered at immortals' pranks,
Ha, ha!

SILENOS

We'll hail them all and bring them here amongst us;
Then teach them, by our own peculiar rites,
How best to serve immortals when they jest
As part and portion of their woodland life.

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CHORUSES

O mortals! O mortals!
Come ye the paths along,
And hear us, and hear us
Intone our joyous song!
Oh, come! Oh, come!

VOICES OF MORTALS
(*answering from woods*)

We hear ye, We hear ye,
As through the woods we go,
We hear ye, We hear ye
Through branches bending low.
We come! We come!

[PERSEUS *appears from the woods with his followers, and descends rapidly among the revelers.*

PERSEUS

What ho! What unseemly revel this,
Emplaced around the sacred stone that marks
The augur spot of Earth and god of light?

DIONYSOS

Thou, mortal!
"Unseemly revel round the sacred stone"?
We'd have thee know that these, our sacred rites,
Do happen here each year at autumn time—
The respect one god doth show the greater gods.

PERSEUS

"Sacred rites"?—I see naught here but whirling dance,
With loud resounding songs and lusty clamor,
Done by a rude and wanton woodland folk,

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The self-same ones who but a moment since
Did tease and sport with me while fast asleep
With others of my kind.

CHORUS

What! We, "a rude and wanton woodland folk"?
Ha, ha!

[*They make to rush at him.*

PERSEUS

Hold, I say!

[*He raises his spear as if to strike.*

CHORUSES

What! wouldst raise thy hands against th' immortals?
Take that, and that, for thy pains.

[*They pelt him with flowers and make to bind him with vines and wreaths.*

We'll teach thee to put off thy angry mood.

PERSEUS

Enough! I see ye only jest;
Unhand me that I may but rest awhile,
As this fair day to me much import hath.
I was not angry at the smothering leaves,
Nor rude awakening from peaceful sleep;
But vexed was I mightily, that Pan
His syrinx ceased and broke the Elysian spell—
For, as he played, each by-way of the wood
Became a stream of softest murmuring notes;
The trees bent o'er as rich resounding harps;
The leaves as wood-birds sang a dulcet lay,
While now and then the winds a minor strain
Put forth, that made all sound a mighty ode—
A mellifluous pæan to the gods.

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CHORUSES

Ah! 't is always so to us who live
Immortal life.

DIONYSOS

Fair mortal of the glorious mien,
Be seated, pray. Thou hast a weary look,
As well as those who follow thee. Have sip
Of ruddy nectar from the trailing vine,
Then tell me and my followers what brings
Ye forth to question of the oracle.

PERSEUS

A thing as great as any that a god
Ere sought—a quest momentous to mortal kind—
Know ye that 'tis nothing less I seek
Than how I best should gird to slay that fiend—
Foul mother of a monstrous brood— the Gorgon!

CHORUSES

The Gorgon! Hear, hear! Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
To slay the Gorgon, ha, ha!

PERSEUS

Well, laugh and mock me as ye may,
That is my answer and my purpose bold.

DIONYSOS

Rash youth, hast thought the dangers that beset
Thy path? Knowest thou not of hundreds who
Have gone before—mighty heroes all—
Of whom not one has e'er returned to tell
Of what his dark and dread adventures were?
Yea, what thou dost essay is task too great
For mortals or their kind; it is for gods,
Or sons of gods alone.

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PERSEUS

Am I not then of such heroic blend—
Born as I am of kingly Zeus
And mortal mother, Danaë?

CHORUSES

Zeus, a son of Zeus!
He doth but jest with us!

PERSEUS

No! No! 't is true!
I do not jest of aught concerning birth.

DIONYSOS

Then hail to thee, my brother, since I am born
Of Zeus and Semele. As kin we are,
So kin we'll be. Pray turn thou from the task
Thou hast before thee set, and join our throng.
Through all the lands we go, and far and wide
Teach mortals how to train the tendriled vine;
How pluck and press its blood-red juice; and how
All fruits from earth and kindly moisture grow.
In joy we live, with songs we go;
And who hath one of us become is flushed
At once with hues of life incarnadine.

PERSEUS

Ah, well I know thee and thy kind intent,
Famed as thou art for good to mortal man.
In teaching him to paint the desert green,
And cultivate the kindly fruits and flowers,
Thou didst become a god in fact, as well
As god by birth. But I say to thee,
Let grow the desert vast soever green,
Or trail the vine soever far with fruit

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In ruby clusters hung, there'll come not joy
Of perfect blend to mortal kind, while stalks
The monster Gorgon on the earth, and beats
The air with brazen wings. Yea, on that
Same day—when Zeus from mount Olympos came
As golden shower to mortal mother Danaë—
Sat the Gorgon on the mountain side,
Wafting thence her foul and poisonous breath,
Denying Zeus his kingly state and power;
So, until this day, the baneful dregs
Have bittered all our cups of rightful joy.
When, athwart the sky, bright Phœbus rides
With message fair of light and warmth to man—
Sweeps the Gorgon on her spreading pinions,
Before his life-inspiring face, to cast
A murky shadow o'er the homes of men.
Straightway, they, in peering from the gloom,
Have lines indent their brows that nevermore
Allow their masks to take a gentler mould.
Or, beating loud the air in mighty rush,
She shakes her locks till they do, hissing, coil;
Then drops the foul and morbid rheum from out
Her eyes, that strikes the earth as poison spots,
Or rending pestilence—
No, no! not such as I will seek your ways
While being like the Gorgon roams the earth—
Not I! Not I! Not I!

DIONYSOS

There is much truth in what thou sayest,
And Zeus forfend that aught should come 'tween thee
And the fulfillment of thy high resolve.
Go on, if thou canst find the perilous way,
And with thee take my godlike wish, that full
Triumphant issue may encrown thy task.

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Now, minions mine, we have our rites
And revel ended, take way again
As ye did come with light and tripping dance.
O'er all the hills and valleys of the earth
We go, to sow the seeds of joy which death
Of Gorgo will allow the utmost growth.

[DIONYSOS *and the celebrants go out singing as on entering,* "*Euhoe! Euhoe! O Bacchus!*" PERSEUS *and his followers stand watching them till the last has departed, then turn toward the cave of the* SIBYL.

PERSEUS

Now, let us to our treasured task give turn,
And seek the pythoness, who knows where spreads
The lair of misery-breeding Gorgon.
In song we'll bring her from the cavern's mouth—
Come, kneel, and upward send our orizon.

(*singing*)

O woman of wisdom,
Alone in thy power,
Come forth from thy cold
Rock-riven domain—
Lend us thy aid,
In quest o'er the earth,
Of care-dealing being—
Man-child despoiling
From day of his birth!
Come forth! Come forth!

[*The* SIBYL *comes out of the cave and descends slowly.*

THE SIBYL

What song was that? It had a pleading tone,
Quite different meant from those the merry ones

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Did sing a moment since; and it seemed
Of import more than ominous—can it be
That mortals seek me once again this day,
The last that I shall tread the weary earth?

[*The rising sun strikes full on the* SIBYL'S *face.*

Ah! There mounts bright Phœbus in his car of gold,
Urging his steeds with curling lash
Till flames do leap from out their spreading nostrils!
Ne'er have I seen him more arrayed
In all his gorgeous panoply—
What! is't true—or do my senses whirl
In agony of cruel, tormenting vision?
It seems that he descends to me again
As on that day a thousand years ago!

[*The sunlight grows slowly dimmer.*

No! No!
He rides him on in all his majesty.
A sullen cloud doth drift across his path,
And mocks me for my vain delusion—
Aye, mocked me now as fate hath ever mocked
Each time I did the Gorgon's death essay.

[*She draws a scroll from her breast.* PERSEUS *and his followers murmur "The Gorgon!" "The Gorgon!"*

THE SIBYL

Strange sounds arise. My ears do play me false,
Or else the very Earth herself hath ta'en
To mocking me before my final summons.
In this is writ the way, the path that he
Must follow well who would the monster slay.
Low portents tell that it may yet find use
This dreaded day.

PERSEUS

Pythoness, woman of wondrous wisdom!

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THE SIBYL

Ah, that voice! 'T was in the song. Again
Dark omens mutter near!
Who speaks? Do ye be mortals? What dire distress
Assails you now?

PERSEUS

Distress of keenest kind is all our lot—
Though favored by the gods to roam the earth
In quest of simple sustenance and hours
With pleasure fraught; such would be our life,
But for the monster, Gorgon vile, who seeks
Us out with desiccating breath, and sucks
Out fields of effort dry of stalk and mellow fruit.

THE SIBYL

Go on, youth, go on!

PERSEUS

I, Perseus, out of Seriphos, son
Of mighty Zeus and mortal mother, Danaë...

THE SIBYL (*aside*)

Zeus, and mortal mother!

PERSEUS

Do come, inspired by great Athene and
By taunts of Polydectes, mortal king,
To seek the way where dwells this foul
And cursèd thing. Thou, in thy wisdom vast,
Mayest send me on. Speak, woman,
That I may away to lift the head
Whence comes such dank, care-spreading humors!

THE SIBYL (*aside*)

Son of mighty Zeus and mortal maid!

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Is now my lifelong dream to be fulfilled?
His voice sounds fresh, and his words ring true!
Can it be that Earth this morn had meaning full
When first she spoke of sensing Youth's hot feet
Upon her placid breast?

[*She goes to* PERSEUS *and passes her hand over his face and breast.*

His stature is of godlike mould
(*turning away*)
Ah, would but now I had my early sight,
Instead these darkened orbs that do but let
The light a-struggling come to mental cavities.
(*in attitude of fervid prayer*)
Zeus! Zeus! exalted king,
Tear back the clouds that do my vision blur,
That I may see again earth's beauties fair
In these my final hours!

[*She stands postured while leaves slowly fall.*

See! See!
Zeus my prayer hath more than answered!
My eyes do range from here to heaven!
Again do fall the leaves of augury,
And power around me coils.

[*She goes toward* PERSEUS, *with eyes on ground, then suddenly looking up.*

Ah, such beauty!
(*aside*)
Full well a score have I sent on
The perilous way, but none with mien
And stature such as he. "Use well the hours
Thou hast," said Earth this morn. That will I do,

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But first I'll test the temper that he seems
To hold within his fine demeanor.
(*approaching* PERSEUS *again*)
Fair youth, well wrought of finest steel thy nerves
Appear; yet hast thou thought the perils that
Beset the way—the tempest's blast? the fire?
The cave wherein she dwells, around which boils
A noisome slime with dark mephitic vapors?
Formed as thou seem'st in hero's mould, hast thought
The dreadful form thou must o'ercome at end?

PERSEUS

Of perils that beset the way I care not.
I care not what their power or subtlety.
Of dreadful form the Gorgon may assume
I care not, not if her flesh doth reek of all
The terrors of the earth, her veins with dregs
Of direful ocean flow, nor if her breath's
A with'ring blast of noxious fumes of air.
All these I shall o'ercome; what now concerns
Is but the way, that I may onward go,
And the weapon's form, that I may slay
When once I reach her foul environs.

THE SIBYL

The way and the weapon's form?
The first I'll teach; but canst thou wear and use
The armor and the weapons of the gods?

PERSEUS

Yea, e'en that of Zeus himself!

THE SIBYL (*aside*)

Aye, bold he seems, if not too bold;
Yet shall I put him to a further test—

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Dost know the horrors of her awful form?
How snakes do twist and writhe instead of locks
About her face and neck, and drop
Their venom vile adown her breasts
Till they do reek therewith as flowing milk?
How sight of that dire face doth turn to stone
All those who her behold? And how around
Her cave lie hundreds, heroes all, who have,
Long ages past, her death essayed—
All turned to stone? All turned to stone!

PERSEUS

If sight of her would turn me quick to stone,
Then would I, drawing near the dreadful spot,
Strike out mine eyes, and crawl with sword in hand
Till I did reach her cave and slay!
The way, woman, the way and the armor!

THE SIBYL (*aside*)

Aye, bold he seems, more bold than any who
Have gone before; but further shall I test
Him with prophetic taunt and circumstance.
(*to* PERSEUS)
The way thou'lt find thyself from what I give,
The armor shall be that of mighty gods.

PERSEUS

Then bring the armor that I may away!

THE SIBYL

Hold, not so fast; the gods lend but to those
Who prove their worth.
[*She goes toward the fallen leaves and, pointing with her staff, reads slowly:*

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Whosoe'er the Gorgon would defy,
Must himself invisible be.

PERSEUS

What meaning hath such words as those?

THE SIBYL (*looking upward*)

Fall, leaves, deal thy wisdom o'er again.

[*Leaves fall and she reads as before.*

Whosoe'er would slay the Gorgon old,
Must go on wings of beaten gold.

PERSEUS

Yet stranger still—thou dost but jest!

THE SIBYL (*looking upward*)

Once more, my gentle messengers, adown
Thy precious wisdom waft.

[*Leaves fall and she reads as before.*

Whosoe'er would weapons godlike wield,
Must wisdom take on a silver shield.

PERSEUS (*in great anger*)

Hold, woman, the way I ask, and the armor!
I'll wrench what wit thou hast from out thy brain
By way thy hoary locks and scatter it
To wind, unless thou'lt cease such riddling speech.

[*He makes to seize the* SIBYL *by the hair.*

THE SIBYL (*aside*)

Aye, good! he hath the proper temper with
A soul of fire, but I must teach him well
Their moderate use.

(*to* PERSEUS)

"Unless I'll cease such riddling speech"? Ah, ha!

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A youth of scarce one score of years against
A crone with half a score of hundreds—
Time timbrels only for the dance of death,
And thou art not that god nor e'en
His messenger. Dost know
One stroke alone upon the sacred stone,
And Earth herself would ope in mighty wrath
To engulf thee where thou stand'st?
Dost know that to essay the Gorgon's death,
Thou must invisible be, and only Hades
Of the underworld can lend thee power for that;
And forward thou must go, on wingèd feet
That only Hermes hath, with hand aclasp
The shield of Pallas?
How get these things—by thyself alone?
No, of youth and courage thou hast much,
But only I can give thee power
And wisdom! wisdom! wisdom!

PERSEUS

Forgive me now my hasty words. I was
But over-fired with youth's desire;
Pray bring these things if now within thy power
That I may up and onward go.

THE SIBYL

Stand by with wondering eyes while I do call
The gods each from his separate realm—
If worthy, they will know at once and lend
Thee all I ask.

[*She draws a circle on the ground with her staff.*

O Hades! O Hades! Deep in the gloom
Of thy underworld, hear! hear!
Leave the realm where rolls Ixion

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Down his endless path, and upward to
The earth and light ascend!
Ascend! Ascend!
Aid me, O muses, with thy wondrous song!

CHORUS OF MUSES

Ascend, O Hades, ascend!
O god of the dark, chill Tartaros' fastness,
Come forth from thy realms in the underworld,
Along the blue depths of Erebos' vastness,
Beyond the great rocks the Titans once hurled.

Ascend, O Hades, ascend!
Past Kerberos grim, by gates thou controleth,
Tread quickly the paths of oblivion's shore,
As at thy stern sign the Styx backward rolleth,
That Charon need lend not the might of his oar.

Ascend, O Hades, ascend!
Come wearing thy helmet—invisible making
The wearer who would thus invisible be—
Strike hard with thy prong, the Earth's bosom shaking,
And she will then open her great breast for thee.
Ascend, O Hades, ascend!

[HADES *rises out of the earth.*

HADES

Oh-ho! Mortals! Bah! I thought but gods
Would dare evoke the muses' power
To call me from my dark abode.
I do descend again—

THE SIBYL

Hold, Hades, but a moment!
Thy helmet rare, by Vulcan wrought, doth make
The wearer unseen at his will. This youth

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For mortals would essay a direful task
In which such armor would assist
In greatest circumstance.

HADES

What! The armor of the gods for mortal kind!
No! No! Not such from me, I do return,
Adown, adown!

THE SIBYL

Hold, Hades! But a moment more—
This youth is not of normal mortal blend,
But from great Zeus as sire doth claim descent.

HADES

A son of Zeus!
Then fully do I give assent that he
My helmet wear.

[*He places helmet on* PERSEUS' *head.*

Fair youth, who doth this work of Vulcan bear
May come and go as lightning flash
Now seen, now unseen and unrevealing.

PERSEUS

When I my task have brought to full conclusion,
Then will I to thy realm descend
And make return.

THE SIBYL

(*peering through trees in attitude of supplication*)

O Hermes! O Hermes!
Along those filamental paths that thread
The sky, come and at our feet alight!
Come, O Hermes, come!
Again, O muses, with thy wondrous song!

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CHORUS OF MUSES

O Hermes, light-wingèd,
Cheerily skipping the waves of the air,
Golden thy sandals with wings lightly whirring,
Poising thyself far above Phœbus' glare.

O Hermes, light-wingèd,
Sweeping along in vertiginous flight,
List to our prayer for assistance ascending,
Pause on thy way in our midst to alight.

O Hermes, light-wingèd,
Descend in thy flight,
And alight, and alight!

[HERMES *alights from the air.*

HERMES

What now, ancient keeper of the Delphic shrine?
While winging gaily through the upper air,
In merriest sport with drifting clouds—
The muses' call came softly upward like
A siren's strain. I paused to hear my name
Repeated o'er and o'er. Then folding quick
My wings, I plunged through mountain heights of air
To slackened pace and rest within thy midst.
What message shall I bear the gods for thee?

THE SIBYL

No tidings whatsoe'er I'd have thee bear—
This youth, a son of Zeus and mortal maid,
Would go to slay the Gorgon. Pray lend to him
Thy wingèd sandals bright, that he may through
The trackless wastes of air the way o'ercome.

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HERMES

That will I gladly do for one who would
Rid all mankind of such a presence dread.
Aye, e'en more shall be my aid. Herpe,
My magic sword, shall fill thy hand with power.
With these, fear not to plunge from rugged cliff,
Or mount the highest cloud—with this, thou canst
The vilest monster quickly cleave in twain.

[*He hands* PERSEUS *his winged sandals and sword.*

PERSEUS

Mightily shall I strive to conquest make.
Such attributes of godly power as these
Do spur me with impatience on.

THE SIBYL (*turning toward temple*)

Pallas would I call—Pallas Athene!
Again, O muses, with thy wondrous song!

CHORUS OF MUSES

O Pallas Athene!
From Zeus' head riven,
Alone in thy wisdom,
Approach from thy shrine;
O bearer of ægis,
And helmet wrought golden,
Descend to our midst,
In thy spirit divine!
O Pallas Athene,
Approach from thy shrine!

[*The Priests of the Temple, slowly approaching with* ATHENE.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS

Now comes Pallas, warrior goddess,

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In her gorgeous panoply,
Mortals in her wisdom freeing,
From the woes that round them be.

Holding ægis, spear and peplos,
Might and power attend her way,
Wisdom from her lips dispensing,
On she comes in majesty.

CHORUSES OF MUSES AND PRIESTS

Pallas is coming—
She is approaching—
All hail to thee, Pallas,
Athenian maid,
All hail to thee, Pallas Athene!

ATHENE

Perseus, I know the thoughts of all men's hearts,
Discerning clear their manhood or their baseness.
From souls of clay I turn away; they lie
At ease like sheep in pastures wild, and eat
What others sow like oxen in the stall.
But souls of fire I give more fire and might
That 's more than man's. Of such I know thou art.
Approach, and take this burnished shield with which
Thou 'lt ward the look of dreadful Gorgo's face
Which turns all life to stone.

[PERSEUS *starts to approach but is held by the* SIBYL.

THE SIBYL

Stay but a moment, Perseus. The way;
'T is written here!

[*She hands* PERSEUS *a scroll which he takes and puts under his girdle. He then approaches and kneels at the feet of* ATHENE.

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ATHENE

Of courage, Perseus, art thou well possessed
To guide thee onward in thy awful quest,—
But, art thou sure 't will fail thee not at end?
Hast e'er the image seen of Gorgo's head?
Behold!

[*She shows* PERSEUS *the image of the Gorgon on her shield. He recoils in horror, reels backward, stands for a moment, starts slowly forward, then runs to seize the shield.*

PERSEUS (*seizing shield*)

Yea, I will the Gorgon slay, though earth
Go back in all-engulfing Chaos.
I will away and onward go!

[*He starts up the hillside.*

THE SIBYL

At last! At last! At last!

[*She falls dead on the omphalos.*

CHORUSES

Now all thy raiment is around,
Perseus, away! Perseus, away!
Though gloom of earth and air surround,
Perseus, away, away!

PERSEUS (*half way up the hillside*)

And on! And on!

CHORUSES

Though terrors dark and dire confound,
Perseus, away! Perseus, away!
Though powers of evil and strength impound,
Perseus, away! away!

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PERSEUS (*in distance*)

And on! And on!

CHORUSES

Perseus, away, and onward go!
Perseus, away!

[HADES, HERMES *and* ATHENE *go out.*

PARABASIS—HYMN TO APOLLO

(*The choruses assemble at the front of the scene.*)

Sing, O ye sisters of Apollo, praises of Phœbus,
Playmate of yours, he, the god with golden locks crowned!
Seeking to scale the heights of Parnassus' rocks he comes;
Noble maidens with him seek the fountain of Castalis;

Oracle of Delphi, thou on the crag-crowned mountain,
It is thou of whom they come in quest:
Out of the town, by the high gods protected, we come,
Out of the town that never before the foe has yielded.

Ever of gods protected. From our altars
Rise holy flames to the skies.
Perfumes rare ascend from glowing sacrifice.
Up to Olympos it rises, incense to the gods on high.

Sing to the gods tuneful lays,
Sing to the gods fair songs of praise.
Golden harps deftly smite,
Let the sweet sounds the gods delight.

But at the feast let your prayers rise on high.

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SCENE II

Before the cave of the Gorgon.

[*The choruses divide, disclosing the cave of the Gorgon, in front of which stand the Victims of the Gorgon—heroes who have been turned to stone by her terrible look, each in his turn, as he has come to conquer her. Vapors rise from the entrance of the cave far up the hillside.* PERSEUS *is seen carefully approaching. The moaning of the Victims of the Gorgon is heard.*

CHORUS OF VICTIMS

For ages past, before this cave,
We've lain immured in cold grey stone—
All passions locked within these walls,
All speech denied—we only groan.

Long turned by with'ring look we've stood
The tempest's blast, the ocean's wave,
Awaiting him with strength to come
And tear us from our olden grave.

With thoughts afire in stiffened frames,
And hope long gone the ways of stone,
We pass through days and darkest nights
Of earth, to moan and moan and moan.

PERSEUS (*half way down hillside*)

Here spreads her habitat; surrounded far

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By all this noisome spume—the land despoiled
And broken by her grinding tread.
Were Earth a thing that sweat and fumed
As living beast, there 'd be no spot upon
Her mighty carcass fouler much than this
One reeking here.

[*He comes nearer the cave.*

There, in mingled groups, the heroes stand,
All turned to stone! All turned to stone!
In posture bent as each assumed
Ere came the fatal look that fixed him fast.

[*He looks over the cliff at the mouth of the cave.*

Zeus grant that she is now within and not
Without, in baneful ravage o'er the earth.

[*He descends to the level in front of the cave.*

Now, muses, with thy inspiring song
Lend aid, lest arm and weapon fail me at
The crucial test.

CHORUS OF MUSES (*unseen*)

O hero, approaching the long dreaded form,
With blood of great Zeus through thy veins flowing warm,
Thou hast all around thee the might of the gods,
And hope of all makind to strength thy arm!

With powers of the world in thy keeping,
Then strike, for the man-child is weeping.
The eyes of the gods are upon thee,
Strike hard while the monster is sleeping—
Strike! strike! strike!

PERSEUS

Hadean helmet,
In blackest darkness fold me round,

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While shield of Pallas shows her form.
Now, Herpe, do thy work,
That mankind nevermore her shackles know,
And joy o'er all the earth forever reign.

[*He rushes into the cave. Low peals of thunder, gradually increasing to a crash, with a great burst of red flame from the cave, mark the death of the Gorgon. Immediately the Victims of the Gorgon spring into life, and the illumination of the hillside begins.*

CHORUS OF VICTIMS

The light, the light of life is o'er us,
Dead within her cave the monster lies;
The hero's might, the fixed spell hath broken,
Far o'er all the earth the message flies.

[*The Muses approach.*

CHORUSES OF VICTIMS AND MUSES

The light, the light of life is shining;
Now that, dead, the demon's form lies there,
No more o'er earth her darksome pall bespreading,
Closed forevermore her baneful lair.
The light, the light of life is o'er us,
For aye and evermore.

[*The Priests and Mortals approach, and join in singing.* PERSEUS *bursts from the cave, holding aloft the head of the Gorgon.*

CHORUSES OF VICTIMS, MUSES, PRIESTS AND MORTALS

Behold the head of the Gorgon,
Vile thing, the hero hath slain!
Straight are her locks of their coiling,
Gone all the care in her train.

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[DIONYSOS, PAN *and followers approach, singing,* "*Euboe! Euboe!*" HADES, HERMES *and* ATHENE *also appear.*

Now that monster Gorgo 's slain,
Peace and joy shall always reign.
O'er all the earth the vine is growing,
O'er all the earth old wine is flowing,
In all the fields the kine are lowing,
The land with milk and honey flowing.
Euhoe! Euhoe!
The land with milk and honey flowing.
Now that monster Gorgo 's slain,
Peace and joy shall always reign,
Peace and joy shall reign.
Euhoe! Euhoe!
Now that monster Gorgo 's slain,
No more mankind shall suffer pain;
Joy alone shall ever reign,
Joy alone shall reign.

[PERSEUS *deposits the head of the Gorgon upon a bier carried on the shoulders of four Mortals, and all move away, disappearing among the trees.*

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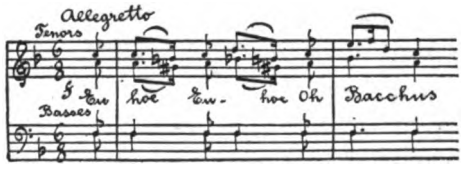
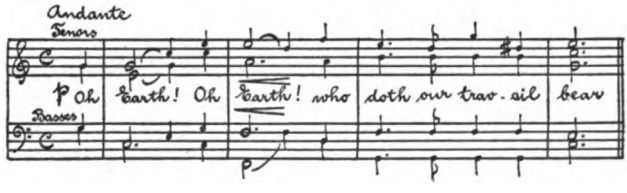
NOTE ON THE MUSIC

By Theodor Vogt

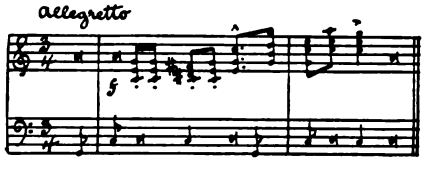
The score opens with a short prelude, introducing some of the principal motives afterward developed in the course of the drama. The next number is for solo, chorus, and orchestra, descriptive of the festival of Dionysos:



This is followed by a dramatic scene for Dionysos, including a chorus sung by his followers:



A dance of Sylvans and Satyrs follows:



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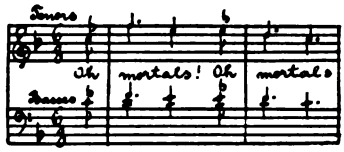
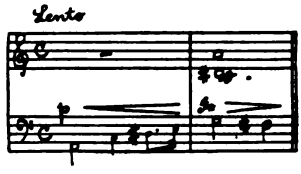
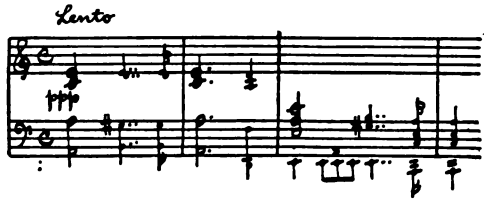
A chorus of immortals greets the appearance of Perseus and his followers:



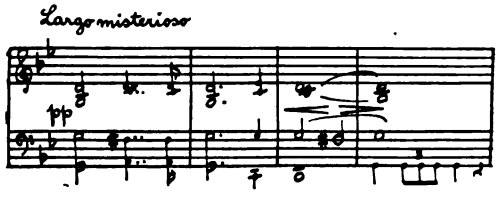
When Perseus declares his intention of slaying the Gorgon, the Gorgon motive is heard:



An orizon to the Sibyl is sung, and after a dialogue between Perseus and the Sibyl, melodramatic music leads to the invocation, "O Hades, O Hades!" founded upon the Hades motive:



The Sibyl demands the helmet of Hades, the winged sandals of Hermes, and the shield of Athene:



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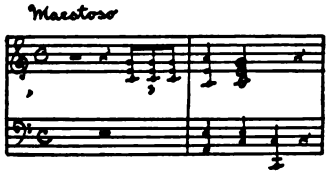
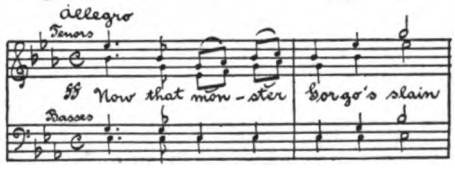


With the aid of the Sibyl, Perseus prepares himself for the task of slaying the Gorgon, and the Perseus motive enters:

After the slaying of the Gorgon the chorus sings a triumphal hymn, expressive of joy and happiness:



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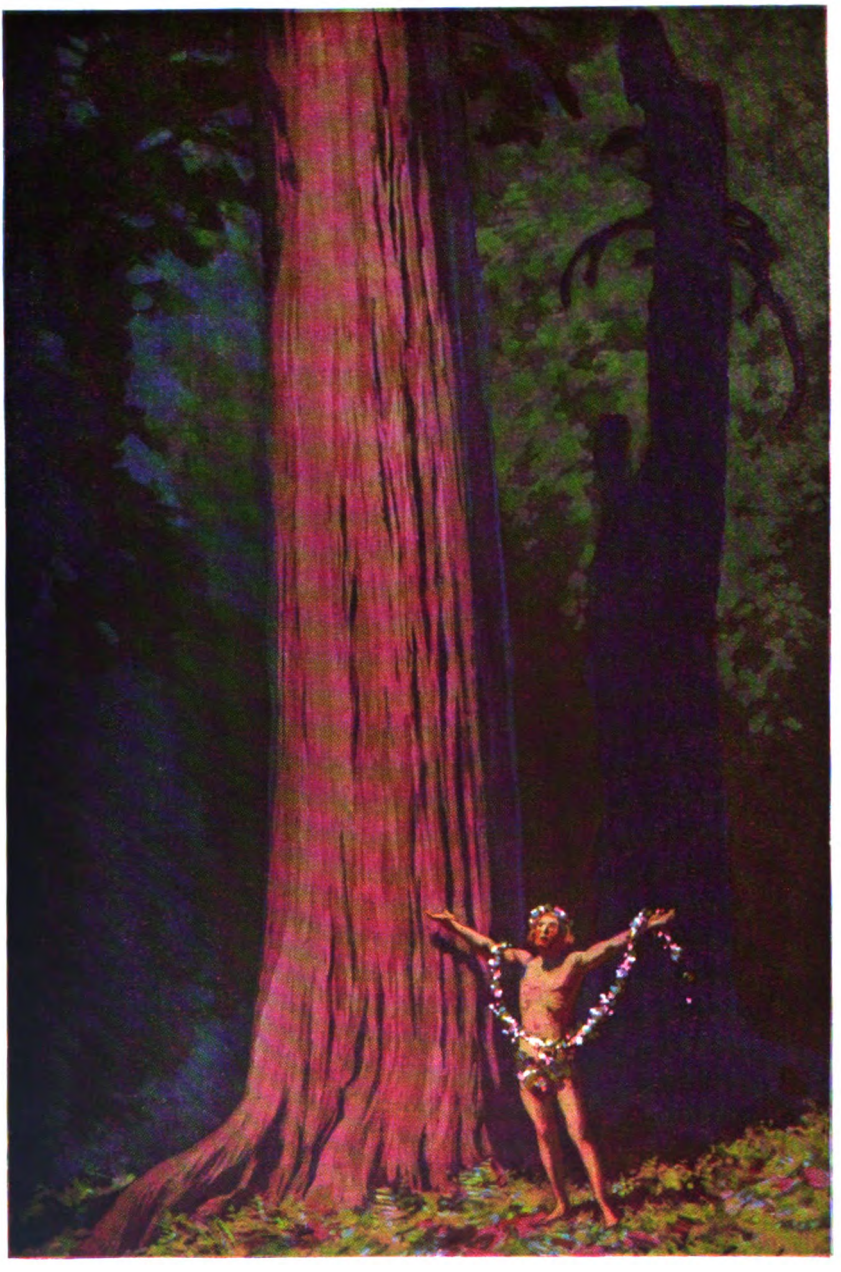

THE OWL AND CARE

LOVE AND THE LIVING TREE

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INTERMEDIATE PRODUCTION
[PERFORMED ON THE FOURTH NIGHT OF AUGUST, 1906]

THE OWL AND CARE

A Spectacle

BY

CHARLES K. FIELD

CHARLES K. FIELD
SIRE

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NOTE

The grove play planned for 1906 was postponed for a year on account of the earthquake and fire which occurred on April 18th of that year, and in its place "The Owl and Care," *an elaboration of the traditional ceremony of the Cremation of Care, was given. Not being strictly a grove play it has not been given a serial number. Some of the music for the production was specially composed by Dr. H. J. Stewart.*

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

A HILL-MAN	Mr. C. K. Bonestell
A TREE-MAN	Mr. Charles K. Field
A RIVER-MAN	Mr. W. H. Smith, Jr.
FIRST BOHEMIAN	Mr. C. J. Dickman
SECOND BOHEMIAN	Mr. R. C. Berkeley
THIRD BOHEMIAN	Mr. Frank P. Deering
CARE	Mr. Chester B. Fernald
THE VOICE OF CARE	Dr. J. Wilson Shiels
THE HIGH PRIEST	Mr. George T. Bromley
THE ASSISTING PRIEST	Mr. F. W. Hall
THE VOICE OF THE DEAD TREE	Dr. J. Wilson Shiels
THE VOICE OF THE LIVING TREE	Mr. R. M. Hotaling
LOVE	Master Raymond White

Bearers of the bier of Care, Voices of the Minions of Care
Voices of the Companions of Love, Spirits

Place: Episode I—A hillside in a forest. Episode II—The Place of Cremation, in another part of the same forest.

Time: Shortly after the destruction of a great city.

* * *

Musical Director, Dr. H. J. Stewart.

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THE OWL AND CARE

A Spectacle

EPISODE I

A wooded hillside in a great forest. Sombre music is heard.

[*A terrible laugh sounds in the distance. There is an interval of silence, and the laugh is heard again. A* HILL-MAN *enters on the hillside in flight. He looks about him in terror, as if seeking some way of escape, and runs again into the forest. A* TREE-MAN *now enters in flight on the lower hillside. As he pauses, the laugh is heard once more and the* HILL-MAN, *running, appears again, and, after a distracted pause, bounds away into the forest.* THE TREE-MAN, *seeking safety, ascends the hill, and is suddenly confronted by the terror-stricken* HILL-MAN, *as, once more, he dashes into view.*

THE TREE-MAN

Hah, brother, didst thou hear the voice?

THE HILL-MAN

Aye, brother, and more; I saw the terror stalking on my hill.

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THE TREE-MAN

My warm midsummer sap ran cold upon my heart; the voice vibrated through my branches like an evil wind.

THE HILL-MAN

It loomed upon my hill gigantic— tall as thy trees, brother, when from our mother earth the centuries have drawn them.

THE TREE-MAN

See, through the passage of the hidden spring our River-Brother rises.

[*A* RIVER-MAN *rises through the ferns.*

Hast thou, too, seen and heard?

THE RIVER-MAN

Like a vast fog, with breath more icy than my face has known, it swept across me; its voice was like the breaking of your rocks, Hill-Brother, when evil chance loosens their hold to your mishap and mine. Wretched with fear at this unquiet presence, where peace has ever dwelt, I sought you here for comfort. Brothers, what means this magic?

THE HILL-MAN

Woe to our quiet days! For me, I catch the first beams of our golden lord and watch him into the west when he takes leave of us; you, brother, you lift your eager finger for his smile and feel his glances thrill among the secret places where you feet are hidden; you, brother, stretched along your green and silver bed, you send him back his glory in adoring reflection or, with the breeze that sings among us two, you fashion jewels to his honor— also, brothers, our dreams are done! The forest shivers at the giant's laugh, the moon is frozen in her summer fields; we,

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too, are doomed as were our brothers out yonder in the barren clearings. Woe to us all!

[*Three Bohemians enter.*

FIRST BOHEMIAN

Blest grove of peace and rest, thrice hail!

THE RIVER-MAN

What men are you who come among us so confident of peace?

SECOND BOHEMIAN

Fair folk of hill and stream and forest tree, your votaries are we, glad beneficiaries of your gentle spells.

THE TREE-MAN

Your garments smell of smoke and new-made ashes; ye bring sad memories of what was once as noble and as green a company as this, a ruined grove where now but blackened stumps remain.

THIRD BOHEMIAN

The royal city that was ours lies, like your brethren, in gray ruin on her hills. So hither are we come, to your unspoiled domain, for rest awhile, free from the spectre that haunts the ashes of our homes.

THE HILL-MAN

What spectre, stranger, and how looks it? Say!

THIRD BOHEMIAN

Hideous and grim, and seeming in strength and monster presence more than mortal may strive against, it is the evil genius of the world, the curse of men, Dull Care!

[*The laugh is heard a little nearer. The* RIVER-MAN *disappears in flight.*

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THE HILL-MAN

Woe to you, men of a lost city! No rest abides for you in our usurped domain. See how the darkness grows deeper over us all. Your spectre follows you into our midst; our peace is lost; we fly before the evil presence.

[*The laugh now becomes continuous and still nearer.*

I hear its feet upon my trembling hill as though once more our mother earth should shudder in her sleep.

[*The* TREE-MAN *and* HILL-MAN *flee into the forest as the great voice of* CARE *bellows forth.*

CARE (*from the forest*)

Ho, Bohemians, and silly nature folk! Fools all! Your flight is useless for I follow still. Hah, they must run well who seek escape from Care!

[*The giant figure of* CARE *is seen for a moment as it passes across the upper hillside and then disappears in the forest.*

FIRST BOHEMIAN

Dull Care, begone! Back to the ruined city where still thou reignest. Thou shalt not fright these peaceful hillsides nor hush the airy gossip of these glades!

CARE (*from the forest*)

What power shall banish me? Back with me then to your city of dust and ashes, ye men of a hopeless task, for be ye sure that wheresoever men gather there am I among them always.

[CARE *enters high on the hillside and pauses.*

FIRST BOHEMIAN

No, by St. John, thou shalt not curse these woods.

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CARE

Come, fool; I am hunger and pain!

FIRST BOHEMIAN

Behold, a power, mightier than thou, shall smite thee with its radiant wings.

CARE

I am disease and death!

FIRST BOHEMIAN

Ho, bird of Bohemia!
Appear among thy sacred trees and banish Care!

[*An enormous Owl is suddenly revealed high on the hill.*

CARE

Hunger and pain!

FIRST BOHEMIAN

Smite him, great Owl!

CARE

Disease!

FIRST BOHEMIAN

Begone!

CARE

Death!

FIRST BOHEMIAN

Then die!

[*A great flame bursts from the Owl and strikes* CARE. *The spectre wails and vanishes.*

FIRST BOHEMIAN (*advancing up the hill*)

Bohemians, Care is slain!

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SECOND BOHEMIAN

Rejoice, dull Care is slain!

[*The* FIRST BOHEMIAN *beckons to the others and they follow him.*

THIRD BOHEMIAN

All hail our night of joy!

FIRST BOHEMIAN

Ho, choir of the conquering Owl, lift up your voices. Bohemians we bear to the cremation place the corpse of Care. On with the march.

[*The three Bohemians disappear among the trees. A hidden chorus is now heard singing at the top of the hill, where a faint rosy glow may be seen. When the song ends, a procession of figures, garbed in black and carrying torches, winds slowly down the hillside. At the same time the illumination gradually increases until the whole scene is flooded with light, revealing the* HILL-MAN, *the* TREE-MAN, *and the* RIVER-MAN, *dancing madly before the Owl. Led by a band of musicians, the procession of Bohemians, bearing with them a bier upon which the corpse of* CARE *has been placed, leaves the glade and proceeds to the place of cremation.*

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EPISODE II

The place of cremation. On one side stands an enormous Dead Tree, gaunt, gray, and leafless, and on the other a lofty and beautiful Living Tree. In the center of an open space is an altar on which burns a flame and before which a company of Priests are assembled. Near by there is a pyre.

[*The procession of Bohemians enters and halts before the altar. The bearers of the bier place it upon the pyre.*

THE ASSISTING PRIEST

Dearly beloved in Bohemia, lift up your hearts. Be glad, children of the Owl, for lo, dull Care is slain!

[*A laugh like that of* CARE *is heard from behind the Dead Tree.*

To-night the mantle of our sorrow has fallen from us; the memory of our evil days shall be as a dream in the night, for Care is banished!

[*The laugh is heard again.*

Forget the heavy hand of trouble laid upon your hearts in the days that——

[*The laugh is heard again, and the* ASSISTING PRIEST *stops in despair. A miraculous light is seen on the Dead Tree, and he recovers himself.*

Who mocks the obsequies of Care?

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THE VOICE OF THE DEAD TREE

Bohemians! Children of sorrow, foolishly gay,—
Hearken to me:
Yesterday, now, and to-morrow, I am the sign of decay,
I am the Dead Tree:
Token and symbol of grief,
Tendril I have not nor leaf,
I am the form of despair,
And through my voice speaks the immortal Spirit of Care.

[*The laugh is heard again and is echoed upon the hill.*

Ho, do you think with this poor ceremonial me ye shall banish?
In past years I humored your pitiful rites, this summer is marked for my own.
Sweet is the forest air and sweet are the weeds that ye walk on,
Think of the city that was, and the stink of her ruins to-morrow
Years of depression and doubt, years of untouched desolation,
This is the hope that ye have, this is the joy that awaits you!
Cease from this mummery, then, acknowledging me as your master;
Never shall ye escape, for my spirit shall haunt you forever.

[*Again the laugh, and again it is echoed on the hill.*

So Care speaks through me;
I am the Dead Tree;
Answer who can!

[*A miraculous rosy light is now seen to shine on the Living Tree.*

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THE VOICE OF THE LIVING TREE

Bohemians, brothers of Love,
Hearken to me!
I am the Living Tree.
The Sempervirens am I,
And the Dead Tree hath told you a lie!
Lo, they may burn me with fire,
They may blacken and scar me with flame,
Yet in the magical spring I put forth my unconquerable green!
So mid the broken bricks on the desolate slopes of your city,
There ye have seen, already the delicate verdure is springing,
Symbol of life undestroyed, undismayed!
Up from the bruised heart of the peppermint under your feet,
See how the fragrant incense aspires through the night to the stars;
So from your troubled hearts arises the breath of the spirit,
For behold! you have chosen Love, and all you have lost shall return!
Blessed are ye, Bohemians, for among you the spirit of Brotherhood bideth,
Call on his name through the forest!
He shall kindle the pyre from your altar,
He shall gladden your feast with his beauty and Care shall be banished forever!
I am the Living Tree,
Love speaks through me, and Love is supreme!

[*The* ASSISTING PRIEST *rises and the assembled Bohemians sing the Invocation to Love.*

BOHEMIANS (*singing*)

Lo, on the altar of the Owl,
There burns a gentle fire,

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In token of the hidden flame
That kindles at Bohemia's name
And which the breath of Care most foul
  But fans to burn the higher;
Spirit of Brotherhood most fair
Consume the spectre, Care!

THE MINIONS OF CARE
(*singing from the hillside behind the Dead Tree*)

Fools, that dream ye may forget,
  Blow your dying fire!
Care is all-pervading,
His mem'ry never-fading,
Your eyes with hopeless sorrow wet
  Shall watch your flame expire!

BOHEMIANS

Flame of Bohemia's love, grow bright
  With all our joy to be;
Now flood the forest with thy light,
Banish the ghost of Care from sight,
Oh, drive him out into the night
  And set our camp-fire free;
So Care's dull mockery may end,
Spirit of Love, attend!

[*A rosy glow begins in the green distance.*

THE COMPANIONS OF LOVE
(*singing in the distance*)

True hearts together meeting,
Care's empery is fleeting,
Love hears your call.

[LOVE *suddenly appears beside the Living Tree.*

LOVE

High Priest of Bohemia,

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Brothers all, behold me,
I am Love.
(*singing*)
Out from the deepest dark of the wood
See me rosily springing,
So out of evil comes good,
Out of men's burdens brotherhood,
And out of sorrow singing;
So from the blackest hour
Blossoms the morn,
Up from the ashes of Care,
Wet by the tears of despair,
Up out of gloom like a flower,
Lo! I am born!
Though Care may burn to embers
The dross of vain desires
The heart that love remembers
Is proof against his fires;
Behold, his power I destroy;
Love lights the way to joy.

BOHEMIANS

True hearts together meeting,
Love hears our call,
Care's empery is fleeting,
Love conquers all.

[*While the singing continues,* LOVE *runs with an unlighted torch to the* HIGH PRIEST *who, taking it, ignites it at the flame on the altar and gives it back to* LOVE *who then applies the flame to the funeral pyre. The hills are brilliantly lighted and from all sides figures in gay robes run in and dance joyously around the burning bier which finally bursts into a shower of stars. To the accompaniment of spirited music all leave the scene.*

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THE TRIUMPH OF BOHEMIA

"I COME, WHOSE HUNGER NEVER YET HAD GLUT"

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THE FIFTH GROVE PLAY

[PERFORMED ON THE TWENTY-SEVENTH NIGHT OF JULY, 1907]

THE TRIUMPH OF BOHEMIA

A Forest Play

BY

GEORGE STERLING

WITH A NOTE ON THE MUSIC

BY THE COMPOSER

EDWARD F. SCHNEIDER

GEORGE STERLING

SIRE

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

FIRST TREE-SPIRIT	Mr. C. D. von Neumayer
SECOND TREE-SPIRIT	Dr. Phillip M. Jones
THIRD TREE-SPIRIT	Mr. Mackenzie Gordon
FIRST WOODMAN	Mr. Frank L. Mathieu
SECOND WOODMAN	Mr. E. C. Ford
THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH-WIND	Mr. Allan Dunn
THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH-WIND	Mr. Porter Garnett
THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST-WIND	Mr. Emerson Warfield
THE SPIRIT OF THE EAST-WIND	Mr. Jesse W. Olney
THE SPIRIT OF TIME	Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto
THE SPIRIT OF FIRE	Mr. W. H. Smith, Jr.
THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA	Mr. H. Mc. D. Spencer
MAMMON, THE SPIRIT OF CARE	Dr. J. Wilson Shiels

Tree-Spirits, Saplings, Woodmen, Gnomes, Bohemians

Place: A virgin forest of redwoods.
Time: A midsummer night.

* * *

Production directed and costumes designed by Mr. Porter Garnett.

* * *

Musical Director, Mr. Edward F. Schneider.

Chorus Master, Mr. E. D. Crandall.

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THE TRIUMPH OF BOHEMIA

A Forest Play

A forest glade at the foot of a wooded hillside in moonlight.

[*The Tree-Spirits are discovered sleeping. They toss in their slumber and appear perturbed. During the closing measures of the prelude, the* First Tree-Spirit *awakes slowly and half arises.*

First Tree-Spirit (*drowsily*)

Who calls? I fain would sleep. Nay, call me not!
I cling to sleep! What voices break my rest?
(*rising*)
What power to-night makes heavy all the air,
And with my slumber mixes dreadful dreams?
Some spirit stirs malignly! All the dark
Seems overhung as tho' with monstrous wings,
And menace loads the gloom. My brothers stir,
And mutter broken prophecies from sleep.
'T is ominous, nor further to be borne,
Save in defiance and all watchfulness.
(*touching the other Tree-Spirits*)
O brothers, wake!

[*The other Tree-Spirits sleep on, but become more agitated in their slumber.*

Awake! some peril comes!

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SECOND TREE-SPIRIT (*half waking*)

Touch not my dream!

FIRST TREE-SPIRIT
(*shaking the sleeping spirits anxiously*)

Awake! A foe is near!

SECOND TREE-SPIRIT (*rising*)

The night is strange! I vow some witch hath passed
And spat a curse. My dreams were dipt in fear.

FIRST TREE-SPIRIT

And mine!

OTHER TREE-SPIRITS

And mine! And mine!

FIRST TREE SPIRIT

I deem 't were well
We should extend some challenge to the wrath—
Demon or lich or ghost—that walks to-night
Our ancient and immutable domain.

SECOND TREE-SPIRIT
(*addressing the other Tree-Spirits, who have now arisen and listen with anxious interest*)

'T were well indeed! What strength is like our strength?
Whose home is like to ours? The leaguing rains
Are but our cup-bearers. The tempest wakes
Our deep, enormous music, and expires
The furious sun but lends intenser life,
And winter's lance is blunted on our breasts.
The mountains are our brothers, and the sea.
Time is our slave. O brothers! let us cry
Defiance to the powers of earth and air!

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FIRST TREE-SPIRIT

That cry the mountains know. That cry has rung
These thousand years along this vale of ours.
The centuries have heard our song, and passed.

TREE-SPIRITS (*singing*)

Like elder gods that congregate
Like gods that rule a spacious land,
We, from the morn of time made great,
Like Titans mailed untroubled stand.
Earth's strong and primal sons are we,
And equal of the ageless sea;
August, we hold an ocean's strength;
Our stalwart lives know not their length.
Tho' ancient thrones and empires pass
Like dews at morning from the grass,
Supreme we face the warring sky—
The unharming ages pass us by

Nor conquer us at all.
Upon the mountain wall
At dawn the sun we greet,
At eventide the stars,
As mighty brotherhoods that meet.
We set the tempest bars,
Tho' loud and long it call,
And barriers to the whirlwind's breast—
We scrorn their fury and unrest.

The fire shall smite in vain
The pillars of our hall;
Mankind is but a feeble thing;
Time sunders not our endless reign;
Like giants throned we sing;
Defiance proud we fling—
Tho' thunderbolts from heaven may fall,

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Tho' all the winds from heaven may swarm—
To lightning, fire, and storm!

FIRST TREE-SPIRIT

Brothers, your souls are wise, your hearts are strong—
Too strong to fear this menace of the night,
This formless peril of the traitorous dark.
Tho' such appear, we straight with baffling mirth
Shall drive it hence, with arrowy laughter pierce
Its futile mail. Let happiness be arms,
And merriment our refuge and our shield—
The merriment of leaves that shake for joy,
The merriment of brooks and rippling grass.
Ye saplings, dance in maddest mockery
Of any hostile power that haunts the night!

SECOND TREE-SPIRIT

Dance! for the winds compel your boughs in life!
Dance! for the fallen leaf must dance in death!

[*The Tree-Spirits withdraw somewhat, leaving a company of Saplings, who begin a dance. The dance has continued for some time when it is interrupted by the North-Wind motive, followed by the appearance on the lower hillside of the* SPIRIT OF THE NORTH-WIND *clad in frost-white garments and carrying a great white sword.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH-WIND

Who challenges the wind, and sets his breast
Against the tempest? Who shall stand unscathed
Before my fury? Let that one come forth!

SECOND TREE-SPIRIT

O saplings, dance your merriest, nor heed
These empty thunders!

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[*The Saplings gaze in terror at the* SPIRIT OF THE NORTH-WIND, *and hesitate.*

FIRST TREE-SPIRIT

Fear ye not at all;
But dance like summer dust in summer winds.

[*The Saplings resume their dance, at the end of which the North-Wind motive is again heard, and the* SPIRITS OF THE NORTH-WIND *advances in fury, with threatening gestures.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH-WIND

I now, with voice of imminent prophecy,
Announce your dooms, and bid you bow to Death!

SECOND TREE-SPIRIT

Who, then, art thou who vauntest? Who art thou,
That mightest things should stand in awe of thee?

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH-WIND

I am the North-Wind. On the frozen seas
I have my home, and thence I sally forth
To scourge the world. All living things, abased,
Fall down before me. My resistless hands
Have sundered limb from limb the hugest oaks.
The pine, with broken back, hath bent to me.
I rush athwart the mountain-peak, and shout
My dreadful challenge to the lands below.

FIRST TREE-SPIRIT

I know thee, I am father of the grove,
And from a sapling have I striven with thee,
Nor fallen.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH-WIND

Yet thy doom is come, and come
The doom of all thy brothers. I have sworn
Not any life shall brave me in my wrath.

FIRST TREE-SPIRIT
(*turning to the other Tree-Spirits*)

Brothers, draw near, that so we hold in scorn
These vauntings and immoderate menaces.

[*The Tree-Spirits group themselves before the* SPIRIT OF THE NORTH-WIND.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH-WIND

And deem ye, then, that helpless now I stand,
Or that my war is ended ere begun?
Dream not your perils cease: I, too, O trees!
Am of a brotherhood. All power is ours.
We lay our hands upon the shaken world
And wrench its walls and sturdiest pinnacles.
We drive all life in terror from our front,
And wrap the sea in winding-sheets of foam.
I have prepared this night my war, and now,
O arrogant and unastounded trees!
Mine allies shall announce their offices,
And tell their strengths, and bid you bow to Death. . . .
O come, my dreadful brother of the South!

[*The South-Wind motive is heard and the* SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH-WIND *appears on the lower hillside.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH-WIND

O trees! I am the South-Wind! On my brow
Sit drought and acrid fevers of the air.
Before me walk the brood of fervent heat
And phantom armies of the pestilence.

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I shall impel upon your heads this night
All poisons and all languors. Ye shall reel
And find the very earth below your feet
Is sick and leprous.

SECOND TREE-SPIRIT

Nay, the boastful winds
Were ever noisy. We despise thy words.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH-WIND

Appear, O loyal brother of the West!

[*The West-Wind motive is heard, and the* SPIRIT OF THE WEST-WIND *appears on the lower hillside.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST-WIND

My cloudy walls look down upon the sea,
And mine unresting children walk her tides.
I am the West-Wind. I shall leap the wall
The mountains rear, and smite you on the flank.
I, lord of all the sea, shall rend your limbs
Even as I strike to foam the howling wave.

SECOND TREE-SPIRIT

Thunders affright us not, nor any threat
That lacketh deeds behind its braggart breath.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH-WIND

Appear, O brother of the bitter East!

[*The East-Wind motive is heard, and the* SPIRIT OF THE EAST-WIND *appears on the lower hillside.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE EAST-WIND

Behold me! I am master of the East!
The white Sierras are my granite throne—
The pathless desert is my resting place.

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The world is but my harp, and from its chords
I lift a dolorous music to the sky.
I, pitiless, shall tread you down, O trees!

SECOND TREE-SPIRIT

So much of sound, so little of assault
Are food for scorn. A boast is not a blow.
We scorn, O winds! your furious array.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH-WIND

Allies are ours of whom ye little reck;
O Father Time, come forward in thy pow'r!

[*The Time motive is heard, and the* SPIRIT OF TIME *appears on the lower hillside, bearing his scythe.*

THE SPIRIT OF TIME

Cities of men and groves august with years
Mine eyes have seen. They are forgotten now.
All beauty and all strength await my hands,
Which smite to dust all beauty and all strength.
I touch the flower; I touch the butterfly;
I break the sceptres and the swords of kings,
And in my fitting seasons rend their tombs,
And sow their fruitless ashes on the wind.
Minister of eternity am I.

FIRST TREE-SPIRIT

We know thee not, nor bend to thee at all,
Except thou gauge with deeds those pomps of breath.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH-WIND

Then, foolish trees, one whom ye know too well
Shall war with you. Wherefore do thou appear,
O spirit and essential soul of Fire!

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[*The Fire motive is heard, and the* SPIRIT OF FIRE *appears high on the hill in a burst of flame. He rushes down the hillside, bearing a flaming torch in the form of a scourge. Flames issue from his helmet, and leap from the earth along his path. He reaches a station above the point on the lower hillside where the* SPIRITS OF THE WINDS *and* TIME *are gathered.*

THE SPIRIT OF FIRE

I come, whose hunger never yet had glut!

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH-WIND

Greeting, thou changeless terror that dost walk
By noon-day and by night! Behold thy prey!

THE SPIRIT OF FIRE

(*coming down to the* SPIRITS OF THE WINDS *and* TIME)

Madness and furious blood untamable
Do mix in me, till merciless I rage.
Before the vision of astonished men
I rear my flaming throne, and glare thereon,
Waking their tears, that cannot quench mine ire,
Hearing their groans, that soon my laughters fierce
Do drown; till, rushing onward from their fields
I grasp all swords of elemental pow'r
And drive my harnessed whirlwinds o'er the world—
Resistless tempests quickened by my wrath.

[*Music introductory to the conflict is heard.*

FIRST TREE-SPIRIT

We still defy all perils and all pow'rs!
Stand, brothers, as of yore, for not alone
Shall any life resist the warring world.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH-WIND

Ye raging and relentless elements
That hold the heavens! Whose voice the thunder is,
Whose lance the thunderbolt, whose wings the rain,
Come, dreadful in your cloudy panoplies!
With night and storm confound these stubborn trees,
And hurl them shattered from their eminence!
(*turning to his allies*)
On! On! nor pause till all the trees are doomed,
And ruinous ashes load the victor winds!

[*The* SPIRITS OF THE WINDS, TIME, *and* FIRE *prepare to advance upon the Tree-Spirits, and descend from their station; the latter make ready to repel the assault, armed with branches. Darkness descends as they rush upon one another, and the conflict is represented chiefly by the music, augmented by thunder and lightning and the howling of the wind. As this comes to a close, it gradually becomes bright again and the Tree-Spirits are seen in a group, their enemies having disappeared. The music that accompanies the conflict now merges into a mighty Chorus of Victory.*

TREE-SPIRITS (*singing*)

Ye gods of victory
Look down on earth and see
How fail our haughty foes!
Presumptuous they rose,
And dared to dream that we could fall.
Defiant, stern, and strong,
We met their hostile throng,
And now the night beholds us all
Unconquered in our battle-hall.

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O gods of victory!
Look down on us and we
Shall praise your power, unfailing lords,
And cast from all our forest chords
A music glad and long,
A high and happy song,
That fire and time and winds in vain
Assail our everlasting reign,
Victorious and strong.

FIRST TREE-SPIRIT

We have conquered! we have conquered! All in vain
The drunk and noisy vaunting of our foes!
We have withstood their onslaught, nor bowed down.
Who now shall strive with us for evermore?
Who now shall share with us our ancient place,
Or dream to stand unhumbled in our sight?

[*The sound of a distant horn is heard from the direction of the hill. The Tree-Spirits peer up the hillside.*

SECOND TREE-SPIRIT

What god, with distant clarion from the night,
Betrays his frustrate hunting? All the wood
Is hushed to hear that music on the dark.

[*The sound of the horn is again heard, but nearer. A band of Woodmen appear in the distance on the hillside. They carry broad-axes and torches, and one has a horn slung from his shoulder.*

FIRST TREE-SPIRIT

Lo! who are those that come? What shape of man
Assaults our solitudes? Man seemed till now
A feeble thing, a red and harmless brute,
That ran all naked in his daily search

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For nut and root and egg, or at the stream
Desired the fish. But these are white, and hold
Each one a gleaming weapon in his hand—
The which I fear, not knowing why I fear.
The crimson fire has no such tooth as that.

[*The Woodmen begin to sing the Care-Song as they approach, and the Tree-Spirits stealthily withdraw.*

WOODMEN (*singing*)

Thro' the wide world everywhere
Restless mortals flee from Care.
Where they marry, where they work,
There shall Care unsleeping lurk.

Tho' I wander far and wide,
Care, a shadow at my side,
Still shall claim his worship due,
Still shall know me and pursue.

All in vain I seek a spot
Where his face shall haunt me not,
Till beneath the shielding sod
I shall hide from Care, the god.

[*The Woodmen finish the Care-Song and gaze curiously about them.*

FIRST WOODMAN

Here, brothers, shall we labor day by day,
And sleep at restful night, till all this grove
Be fallen. These indeed are mighty trees.
How still the night! tho' not so long ago
It seemed as tho' the wind would never fold
His vast and furious wings. Sleep now till dawn

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Awake you. As for me, I shall not sleep,
For I must draw my plans against this wood.
Here, first, I set mine axe.

[*The* First Woodman *drives his axe into the nearest tree. A groan is heard and a fragment of the North-Wind motive.*

Second Woodman

Brother, didst groan?
Methought I heard a sound most grave, as tho',
Far off, a giant knew his doom, and moaned.

First Woodman

The sound thou heardst was but the northern wind,
Sobbing his heart out in some hollow tree,
And since he may draw near, it well would seem
That we have shelter from his cruelties.
Come, let us fell the smallest of this grove
And set its boughs between us and the gale.

[*The Woodmen grasp their axes and turn toward a tree, but are arrested by the hooting of an owl. They gaze up the hillside, where an immense owl may be seen flying slowly in a spiral course toward them.*

Second Woodman

What spirit stirs within the shaken dark?
What sweep and dreadful imminence of wings?

First Woodman

I see what seems a dragon of the night—
Some wide-winged bat of hell!

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SECOND WOODMAN

I ween a god,
Enraged, has sent some herald of his ire
To beat us hence. Now whither shall we fly?

[*The owl finally alights on the lower hillside at the back of the stage and vanishes. At the point where the owl disappeared, the* SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA, *a naked youth, is seen. The flight of the owl is accompanied by the Owl motive, which changes to the Bohemian motive when the* SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA *enters. The Woodmen fall back in astonishment.*

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

O men! what would ye in my chosen place?
Know ye each tree around is holy wood?

FIRST WOODMAN

Nay, this we knew not.

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

I, Bohemia,
Within these solemn, everlasting aisles,
Do walk at times, and that my tranquil house
Longer endure, within each pillar high
Have set a guardian spirit. . . . Come ye forth
My forest children!

[*The Tree-Spirits emerge from the forest.*

Why this pallid fright
That with unwonted spell constrains each face?
What peril threatens?

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[*The* THIRD TREE-SPIRIT *steps forward and faces the* SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA.

THIRD TREE-SPIRIT (*singing*)

O thou mighty one!
Give heed, attend our prayer, and set thy strength
Between us and this doom! Harken our cry,
And sit in judgment as we make appeal!
Justice! O thou arraigner of the wrong!
O spirit crowned with grace and pow'r
Be with us in this darkest hour!
The might thy majesty attests
Display to guard our anxious breasts,
Nor suffer that unspared we reel
Before the grey, relentless steel.
For ages we, a stalwart band,
Have cast our shadows o'er the land;
For ages shared the peace that fills
The blue dominion of the hills,
And heard at our unmoving feet
Her changeless tale the brook repeat.
We take no part in nature's harms,
But ever hold protecting arms
O'er humble things that love our shade;
And now must we too soon be laid
In ruin on the mother earth?
Shall all the powers that blessed our birth
Forsake us in our time of need?
Must we be humbled as the reed?
Shall we no more grow fair and tall,
Where woodland voices rise and fall,
Nor feel upon our brows again
The soft caresses of the rain,
Nor know the blessings of the light
And all the comfort of the night?
Defend us, spirit, strong and bright!

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THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

O trees I love, 't is well indeed I came!
Had I held revel in some distant land,
As is my wont, nor thought me of this grove,
And how beneath its shade no care endures,
These men had ravaged, ere again I found
Its refuge, this my place of peace, and wrought
Great desolation. It is well I came.
O men that plot the ruin of my home!
Now get he hence accursèd from this spot.

FIRST WOODMAN

Be merciful, Bohemia! We all
Are needy men and humble. We thy wrath
Deserve not, nor deserve thy dreadful curse.

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

O men! O latest men within this land!
Harken my words: Ye, year by cruel year,
Lay desolate the lordliest groves of earth,
And in great woodland chambers of the gods
Do sacrilege. The living miracle
That Nature, careful for a thousand years,
Did so contrive with wisdom to perform,
Ye in a day undo. Did forests know
What ravage was designed them by your minds,
They in one moan, more solemn than the sea's,
Would sound their lamentation, and affright
All men and lands. Imagine ye, forsooth,
The patient gods will sit forever calm,
Bearing to see their fairest seats profaned,
And these their altars tumbled from the sky?

SECOND WOODMAN

Men too have need of homes.

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THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

Truly, and there,
Housed gentlier than soulless bear or wolf,
Should find both heart and mind made sensitive
To cherish beauty, nor desire to pluck
The field's last flower, nor fell the grove's last tree.
Behold! The land is armied with these woods!
Ye may fare onward for uncounted leagues,
To hear them murmuring in dawns to be.
Must ye, like kine in corn, spare not a shaft?
Nor will ye in one valley leave one grove?
Ye are no men, but brutes, and now my curse
Shall scatter you abroad like frightened swine!

FIRST WOODMAN

Nay, great Bohemia, let mercy rule
Thy heart! Henceforth this grove is holy ground.
At last we see our sin, and so repent
Our sacrilege, and fain would guard these trees.
Permit that we be children too of thine!

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

Since ye find grace to hold in reverence
This grove, I now pronounce it of my realm
Chief temple, and do make you ministers
Of my good worship.

FIRST WOODMAN

We would serve thy fane
Forever—thou art gladdest of the gods.

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

My worship is a happy one, and hath
Large recompense; and in my temple soon

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There shall be gracious spirits that attend
In beauty and in strength. . . . O Fire! come forth!

[*A fragment of the Fire motive is heard, and the* SPIRIT OF FIRE *appears high on the hillside, in a glow of azure radiance. He descends the hillside slowly, still surrounded by the azure glow, until he reaches the lower hillside.*

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

Tell now thy service in the years to be.

THE SPIRIT OF FIRE

O Master, I shall light the ritual
And, splendid-robed, make bright the temple aisles.
When these thy priests, with melody and song,
Extol thy name, I, glorious on thy hearth,
Shall gild the revel, and dispel all thoughts
That are of darkness. Wherefore, to this grove
I shall not fare henceforth save at thy beck.
Here not as a destroyer shall I rage,
But parent and preserver of the light.

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

Come forth, O Winds! and tell my new-made priests
Your service.

[*Fragments of the Wind motives are heard, and the* SPIRITS OF THE EAST, WEST, SOUTH, *and* NORTH WINDS *appear successively.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH-WIND

High Bohemia! we are come!
It is our thought that we no more molest
This grove with all our fury. We shall serve
As minstrels, as the lords of woodland harps—
Masters of wildest music. We, by day,

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Shall wander joyous in the maze of boughs,
And cast like golden fruit our mellow notes
Below to these thy priests, until, by night,
We so, with tenderest breath upon our chords,
Shall unto slumber lure their drowsy souls
That they forget awhile they ever lived,
And toiled, and were a-troubled. At our call,
The timid god of sleep shall cease to fear,
Approach unawed, and bless them till the dawn.

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

Come forth, O thou portentous soul of Time!

[*A fragment of the Time motive is heard, and the* SPIRIT OF TIME *appears.*

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

O Time, what is thy service at my fane?

THE SPIRIT OF TIME

I shall be very gentle to thy sons.
If aught they mark of me, 't will be my smile.
Even as the welcome shadow of a cloud
My shade shall fall on them, until at last,
Desiring rest, they turn to me for sleep,
Like weary children to their father's home.

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

O ministers of beauty and of peace,
Come hither, then, and greet my worshipers.

[*The* SPIRITS OF THE WINDS, *of* FIRE, *and* TIME *descend from their stations on the lower hillside, and gather before the* SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA.

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA
(*to the Tree-Spirits*)

Ye have beheld with what concern, this night,

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I have arraigned the foemen of your house,
And made of it my temple. Here no more
Shall pride nor strife have power, but brotherhood,
Joy, and the strength of true humility
Cause here the Golden Age to dawn at last.
O trees, how greatly shall your ancient calm
Renew the hearts of all my children, breathe
A fragrance on their spirits, and make strong
Those spirits to endure all ills of life;
Years shall go by, and ye, my priests, that meet
My gaze to-night shall pass, and sons to be,
Heirs to the light and love of future years,
Shall sing where ye have sung. These very trees
Shall fall at last, and younger shafts grow tall
To keep unchanged the beauty of this vale.
So pass they—unto every one his life;
But I, Bohemia, I change not at all,
And in a thousand years my faithful sons
Shall thank, with grateful laughter at their feasts,
You, my first-born, the dear sons of my youth,
Who first of men found beautiful this grove. . . .
And now, O latest priests of mine, arise!
And we——

[*A prolonged and terrible laugh is heard issuing from the earth. The Care motive is heard, and* MAMMON *appears from an illuminated cave in the hillside.*

MAMMON

I, god of gold, within my golden cave,
Have heard grave blasphemy—seditious speech,
Inimical to my supreme designs.
Seldom mine ears are fed with words like those,
For I am lord of men, and when I speak
They tremble. Well I see, Bohemia,

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How thou hast urged as traitors to my rule
These woodmen, late my serfs, and glad to serve.

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

Thou seest not all, O Mammon! These are now
Priests of my woodland fane, and have forsworn
Thine empire.

MAMMON

Thou dost lie, Bohemia!
My power is second to no other god's:
Ye woodmen, late my servants, follow me
Unto my caverns!

FIRST WOODMAN

Nay, thou god of gold!
Our hearts are pledged to purer days than thine—
To fairer service and serener joys.

MAMMON

Then, miserable ones, your bones shall rot
In this far place, for I, in punishment,
With massy sceptre, shall set loose your souls
That so defy me.

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

Those are burly words:
Let's see what's father of them!

[MAMMON *advances threateningly. The Tree-Spirits, the* SPIRITS OF THE WINDS, *of* TIME, *and of* FIRE *rally around the Woodmen.* MAMMON *pauses.*

MAMMON (*laughing*)

Ye have made faithful friends! Wherefore my wrath

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I shall forego, and, that I may regain
Your fealty, I smile on you, and blot
Your treason, and remit all penalty,
And promise you large bounty and delights,
If now unto my worship ye return.

FIRST WOODMAN

Thy pleasures and thy punishments, all these
In our refusal have a common fate.
We do despise thy favors,

MAMMON

O ye clods!
What know ye of the splendors of my reign—
Ye that till now have known humilities?
Listen: in midnight palaces of mine,
Music shall serve you at the gleaming feast
And Bacchus tempt your lips with all his wines.
The seven Sins shall bare for you their breasts
And lead you to their chambers. All your toil
Shall end, and pleasure clothe you as a robe.
Ye shall go forth as kings, and know all bliss,
Beholding nations as your servitors.

[*As* MAMMON *speaks, the Woodmen gradually draw nearer and gaze at him with open mouths and staring eyes.*

FIRST WOODMAN

What surety have we of these promised joys?

MAMMON

What surety? This!

[MAMMON *strikes the earth with his sceptre, and the door of the cave from which he entered opens again, disclosing the interior bathed in a golden*

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light. From the cave come four grey-bearded Gnomes, bearing heavy bags, from which they scatter handfuls of gold at the feet of the Woodmen.

MAMMON

Take these as tokens of the bliss to be
And hasten with me to my city lights.

[*The Woodmen stand uncertain, and gaze alternately upon* MAMMON *and the* SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA.

MAMMON

Imagine now the pleasures that await!
The wild wine singing madly in your veins!
The white, permissive breasts! My splendid domes!
And ease unbroken in my marble courts!
That heavy ore shall make my livery light,
And purchase for you each his dearest wish.

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

Nay, Mammon! for one thing it cannot buy.

MAMMON

What, then, can not it buy?

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

A happy heart!

FIRST WOODMAN

Is that the secret of thy worship, then,
Bohemia? Is happiness thy gift?

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

For lasting happiness we turn our eyes
To one alone, and she surrounds you now—
Great Nature, refuge of the weary heart,

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And only balm to breasts that have been bruised!
She hath cool hands for every fevered brow,
And gentlest silence for the troubled soul.
Her counsels are most wise. She healeth well,
Having such ministry as calm and sleep.
She is most faithful. Other friends may fail,
But seek ye her in any quiet place,
And smiling, she will rise and give to you
Her kiss, nor tell you any woeful tale.
Entreat her, and she will deny you not;
Abandon her, and she will not pursue.

By gold ye shall not win her, nor by toil,
Nor ever at her side beholding walk
Save in that old simplicity of heart
Her primal lovers brought. So must ye come
As children, little children that believe,
Nor ever doubt her beauty and her faith,
Nor deem her tenderness can change or die. . . .
And I, my forest priests, am kin to her:
More happiness hath any day of mine
Than Mammon holds in heavy-hearted years.
I do not proffer lives of craven ease,
Nor tempt your hearts with vampire luxuries
And scarlet-cinctured sins. The gifts I grant
Are man's high heritage—clean toil and sleep,
Beauty, and all her voices in your souls,
And loving friends, and honorable days.
So choose!

MAMMON

Yea, choose!

[*As* MAMMON *speaks, the Gnomes again scatter gold at the feet of the Woodmen, who stand in momentary uncertainty and then, as if responding to a*

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unanimous impulse, kneel before the SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA.

FIRST WOODMAN

O glad Bohemia,
Be thou the master of our happy hearts!

[MAMMON *rushes down the hillside, the Gnomes gathering about him when he reaches the platform.*

MAMMON

Bohemia! thou well dost know that I
And thou are gods; that these who know my reign,
And those that serve thee now within this grove,
Are weak against our godhead, nor have pow'r
In any wise upon us. Thou and I
Alone have power, and thou and I this night
Shall battle for the lordship of this grove.
Come forward then, that so we prove the will
Of greater gods than we, and now decide
Whether these silly men and trees and winds
Shall hold this spot, or whether I, supreme,
Shall smite thee down, and dedicate this vale
To desolation and unchanging dearth.

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

Mammon, hold not in scorn my followers,
For they shall see thee die. Nor deem thou they
Abide mine only servants—all glad things
Acknowledge me, all sprites and Bacchic fauns,
That now, unheeded by thy grosser sight,
Do throng this wood, and wait to join my train.

MAMMON

All such are less than we. The combat waits.

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THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

O justice latent at the heart of things,
Decide! Send forth thy vengeful minister
In whatso shape thou wilt. Thou, God, decide!

[*The immense owl that heralded the coming of the* SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA *now sweeps down the hillside.* MAMMON, *hearing the rush of its wings, turns, and dies at its touch. The owl at the same instant disappears.*

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

The will of the Inexorable is shown.
Wherefore, ye priests and worshipers of mine,
Approach with me, that I may now reveal
Great Mammon's secret. Draw ye close, and gaze
Upon those features.

[*The* SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA, *together with the* FIRST *and* SECOND TREE-SPIRITS, *the* FIRST *and* SECOND WOODMEN, *and the* SPIRITS OF TIME, FIRE, *and the* WINDS, *mount the lower hillside and gather about the body of* MAMMON.

See, betraying death
Hath changed that visage, and proclaims to all
That where high Mammon stood and shook his mace,
There, masked in undisclosing gold, stood Care!
But come, O friends, and hale his body hence.
Thou, Fire, shalt have thine utmost will of him,
Till ye, O winds, make merry with his dust.

[*A procession of Bohemians carrying torches and robed some in red and others in white descends the hillside slowly. They are accompanied by four sable-clad bearers who carry a rude bier covered with a pall. As the procession reaches the point*

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on the lower hillside where the body of MAMMON *lies at the feet of the* SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA, *the final chorus is sung by the Tree-Spirits and Woodmen. As this comes to a close the hillside is brilliantly illuminated and the body of* MAMMON *is placed on the bier and borne away as darkness and silence fall.*

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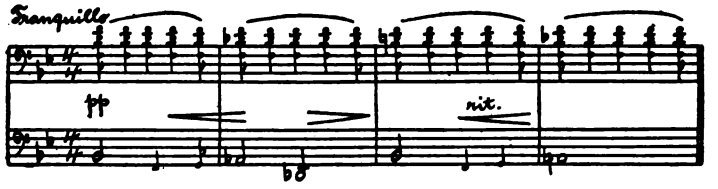
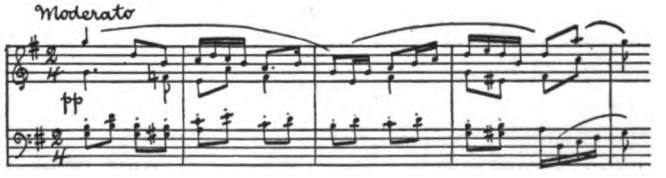
NOTE ON THE MUSIC

By Edward F. Schneider

The prelude with which "The Triumph of Bohemia" begins is intended to express the quiet beauty of "The Grove" in moonlight, the dominant theme upon which it is built is the one assigned to the Tree-Spirits:



As the action proceeds "The Dance of the Saplings" occurs. The music of this number resembles an ancient dance form. The dance begins after an introduction of eight measures; it is pastoral in character, and suggestive of the woodland scene and the gambols of the young Tree-Spirits:



Toward its end, the dance is suddenly and rudely interrupted by the Spirit of the North-Wind, preceded by the North-Wind motive in the orchestra:

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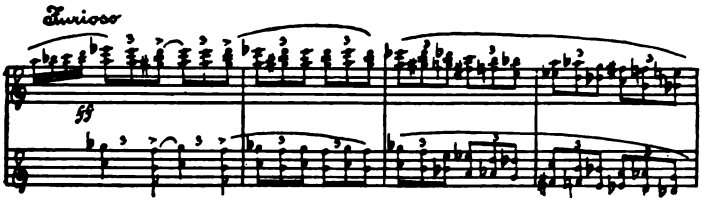
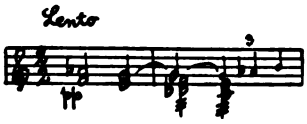
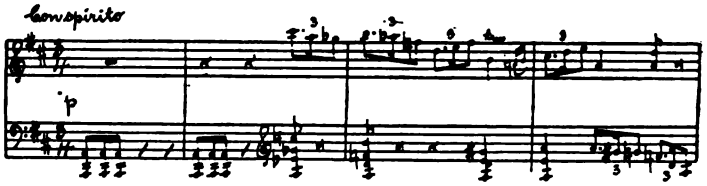


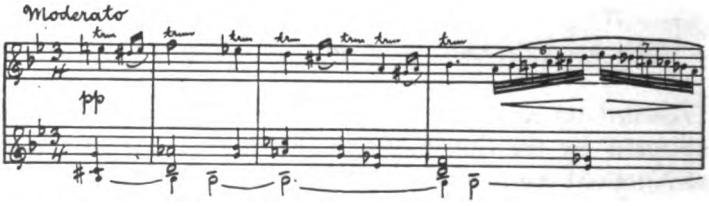
This motive is intended to convey the cruel, cold, and rugged nature of the north-wind. The Spirit of the North-Wind calls to his aid the Spirits of the South, West, and East-Winds, and, as they appear successively, the orchestra sounds the different musical illustrations of their characters. The South-Wind motive is rather morbid and malignant:



The music representing the West-Wind is like a *scherzo*. It is rugged and boisterous and suggestive of the Spirit of the West-Wind galloping in from the sea:



The motive allotted to the East-Wind aims to give the impression of blackness, cruelty, and moaning despair:



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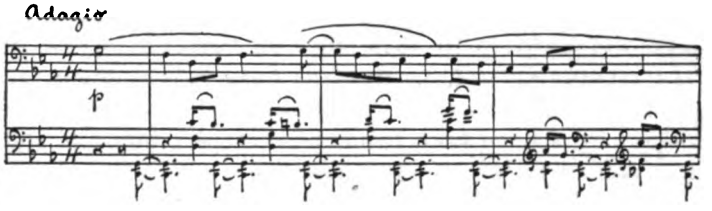
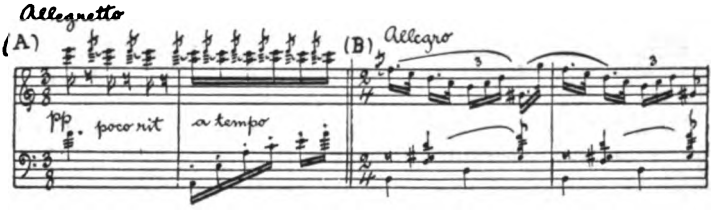
The Spirit of the North-Wind, failing with his brothers of the South, West, and East to daunt the Tree-Spirits, calls upon the Spirit of Time to assist them. Time appears and the music portrays him as sombre in character with a tinge of the grotesque, as though he were well aware of his ultimate victory over all things:



The threats of the Spirit of Time, however, prove as unavailing as the menaces of the Spirits of the Winds. The Spirit of Fire is then called upon to join the forces bent upon the destruction of the trees. The music that accompanies his appearance is intended to express in its first part the flickering of flames. The second part has all the fierceness of fire and is played while the Spirit of Fire rushes down the hillside:



Follows the actual conflict of the opposing forces. The Spirits of the Winds, Time, and Fire attack the Tree-Spirits and the music aims to portray this struggle. It is built upon the motives of the Spirits of the North, East and West-Winds and the Tree-Spirit theme. At the culminating moment in the conflict, the trombones are heard intoning the Tree-Spirit motive against the motive of the

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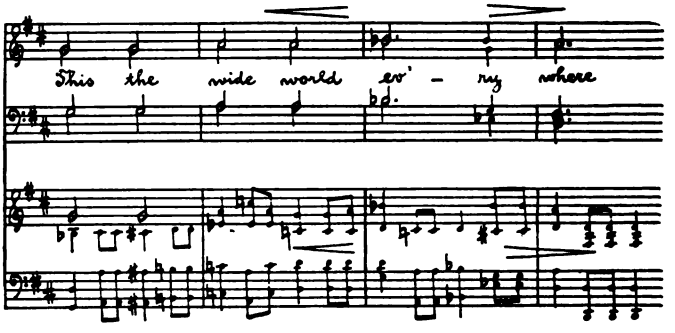
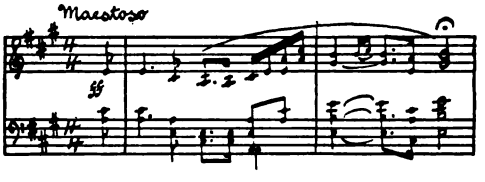
Spirit of the North-Wind, played by the rest of the orchestra. The music finally becomes exalted in character, indicative of victory for the Tree-Spirits, and reaches its climax in the Victory Chorus:

The woodmen, with their axes on their shoulders, are next seen approaching—a far more formidable danger than all the warring elements. The advent of the woodmen is heralded by a horn note from the distance, followed by a march which finally merges into the Care Song. It will be observed that the theme of the march is continuous and serves as an accompaniment of the Care Song:



As the woodmen grasp their axes and turn toward a tree, they are startled by the hooting of an owl and their attempt to destroy the trees is arrested by the appearance of the Spirit of Bohemia, preceded by the Bohemian motive, bold in character and orchestrated for the brass:



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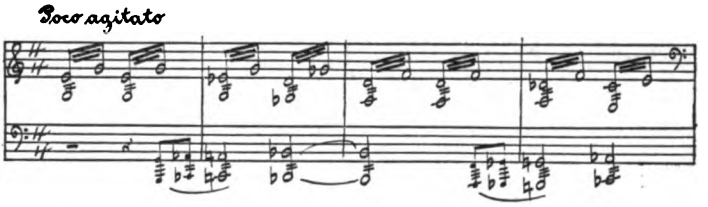
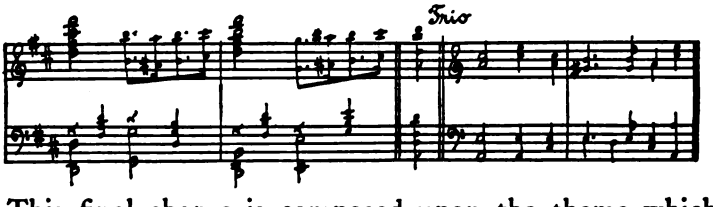
The Third Tree-Spirit now appeals to Bohemia in a recitative and aria, which is built upon a theme suggestive of supplication. The theme of the aria is the same as the Tree-Spirit motive, which was indicated in the Prelude. The woodmen yield to Bohemia's commands and at last triumph seems to crown the cause of the Tree-Spirits, but Mammon appears, threatening the trees and trying to persuade the woodmen to do his bidding by offering them rewards of riches and pleasure. Mammon is pictured musically by the following Care motive:



The woodmen, however, remain loyal and steadfast to Bohemia who slays Mammon, thus liberating the Tree-Spirits from all their enemies.

The apotheosis of the play is introduced by trumpeters at the top of the hill announcing the Bohemian motive. After an introduction of some length, the march, accompanying a procession of Bohemians down the hillside, is played, merging finally into the Hymn of Praise to Bohemia:



This final chorus is composed upon the theme which formed the trio of the march.

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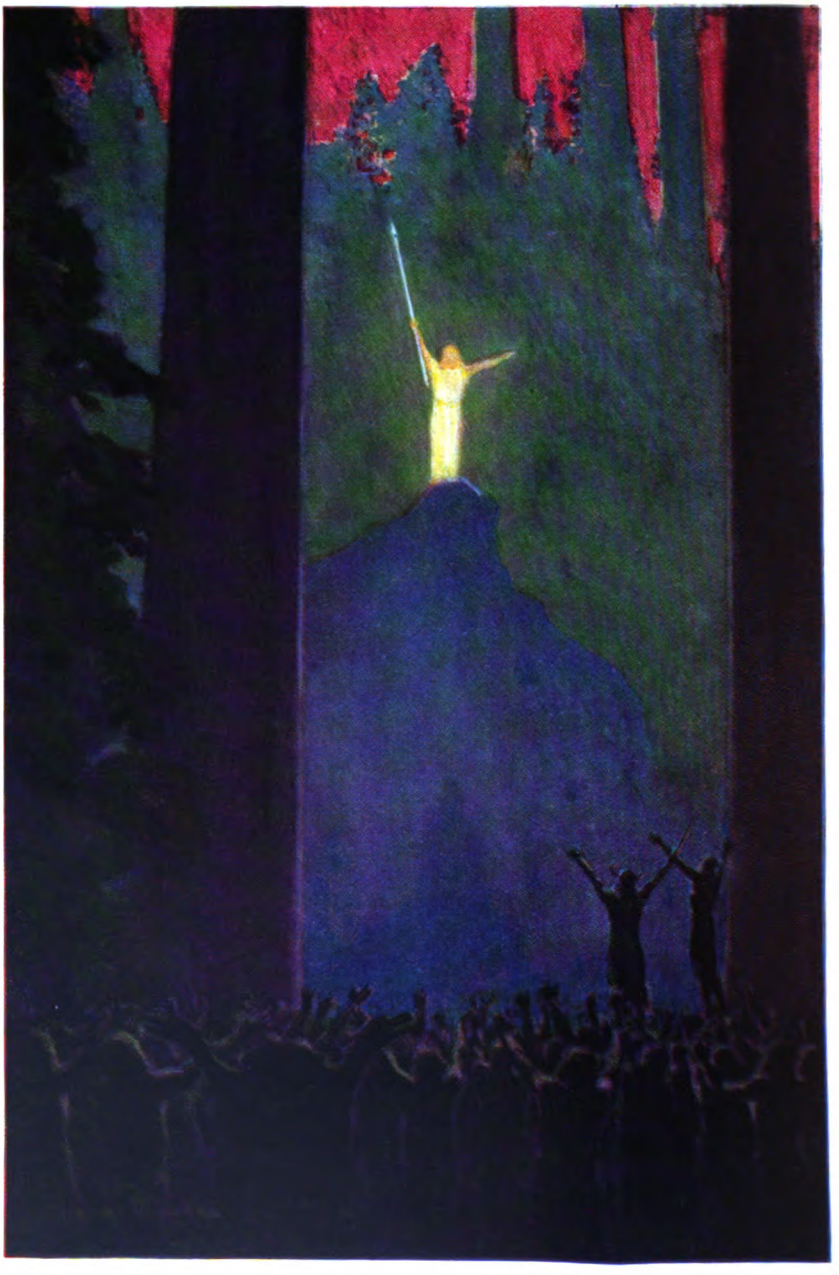

THE SONS OF BALDUR

BALDUR THE BEAUTIFUL

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THE SIXTH GROVE PLAY

[PERFORMED ON THE EIGHTH NIGHT OF AUGUST, 1908]

THE SONS OF BALDUR

A Forest Music-Drama

BY

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

WITH A NOTE ON THE MUSIC
BY THE COMPOSER

ARTHUR WEISS

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER
SIRE

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

URD, *the norn of the past*	Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto
VERDANDI, *the norn of the present*	Mr. Newton J. Tharp
SKULD, *the norn of the future*	Dr. Philip M. Jones
BALDUR, *the god of summer and of good*	Mr. E. C. Ford
LOKI, *the god of evil*	Mr. Charles K. Field
HALMAR, *chief of the Men of the Westland*	Mr. H. McD. Spencer
HILDING, *a scald*	Mr. Mackenzie Gordon
THE SOOTHSAYER	Mr. Roy Folger
FIRST WARRIOR	Mr. Allan Dunn
SECOND WARRIOR	Mr. L A. Larsen
THIRD WARRIOR	Mr. E. H. McCandlish
FOURTH WARRIOR	Dr. Harry P. Carlton
FIFTH WARRIOR	Mr. Frank P. Deering
SIXTH WARRIOR	Mr. Emerson Warfield
SEVENTH WARRIOR	Mr. Robert C. Newell
EIGHT WARRIOR	Mr. W. H. Robinson
A PEASANT	Mr. Charles G. Norris
HILDING'S BOY	Mr. George B. de Long

Warriors, Thralls, White Elves, Black Elves,
Voices of the Valkyries

Place: A forest in the land of Midgard.
Time: Legendary.

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THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Production directed by Mr. Frank L. Mathieu.

Setting, costumes, and properties designed by the author and executed by Mr. George Lyon.

Lighting by Mr. Edward J. Duffey.

* * *

Musical Director, Mr. Arthur Weiss.

Chorus Master, Mr. E. D. Crandall.

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THE SONS OF BALDUR

A Forest Music-Drama

An ancient forest of giant trees in the west of the land of Midgard. Night, with the moon. The three Norns, shrouded in gray and holding gleaming shields are seen seated on three tall boulders. The faces of these rocks are graven with runes. Against the trees are fixed white skulls of horses and of oxen. Great shields and torches are hung up. Sheaves of spears lean against the tree-trunks. Armor and skins are heaped in piles, and logs are laid for a fire. A rude table is set on massive trestles. Near by is a great chair.

URD

From the bourne of mist and gloom
I come who command the Past.
Life and the fruit of the womb
Of woman is mine at last.
Nor ever the gods shall mend
The mould in which fate is cast;
I devour beginning and end,—
I am Urd, old Urd, the Past.

VERDANDI

Verdandi sits in the halls
Where the Feast of Life is spread;
She plieth between the walls
Of the unborn lives and the dead.

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The sunbeams a moment beat
On the shield and runes I write,
Where the night and morning meet
Ere the morn is gulfed in night.

SKULD

I am the Future. I hold
What Odin may never reveal—
Or whether my years be of gold—
Or of bronze—or of steel.
I hearten the king and the thrall,
And my hollow shield upraise,
Whence the joys and sorrows fall,
And the black or brighter days.

URD

O sister of days-to-be,
O sister of days-that-are,
O speak! for your eyes may see
The deeds that make or mar.

VERDANDI

O thou who the Past dost hold,
And thou of the coming years,
I know that the blight or gold
Shall bring men trouble and tears.

SKULD

O Norn of the frozen Past!
O Norn of the biding hour!
Shall I grow and make to last
Hope's happy, rose-red flow'r?

URD

The fates are we, and our years

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Bow gods and warriors low;

VERDANDI

We shape them to laughter and tears,
And travail, weal or woe.

SKULD

Though the gods and the evil cry,
We heed nor loves nor hates,—

ALL

For the good and the evil lie
In the web of the changeless Fates.

[*There is a lightning flash, a thunderbolt, then brief darkness. The three Norns vanish. A large, flat stone is overthrown and* LOKI *rises, the red glare of the underworld upon him. He is comely, but threatening. A thick serpent hangs coiled about his neck. He scowls upon the scene.*

LOKI

Lo, men meet here for Baldur's feast
And wassail rare.
Me of all gods they love the least—
My shrines are bare.

But mighty power is mine that weaves
Sorrow for all—
I shatter joys and blight the sheaves
Of lives that fall.

The red-fanged Fenris-Wolf I rule;
Hel is my world;
The Midgard snake in ocean's pool
In sleep I curled.

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And fast my monster, Nidhugg, gnaws
The Ash-tree's root,
Till he shall rend with iron claws
Man and his fruit.

Though I and all my brood be strong
And wise and old,
Yet greater might for strife and wrong
O'er man hath gold.

It thicks his blood with craft and slime;
It binds and slays;
It robs him of the Rose of Time
And blots his days.

So here this clump of cursèd ore
I fling, and wait— [*A horn is winded.*
But, hark! I hear a trumpet roar—
The rest is fate.

[*He flings the gold against the roots of a tree and sinks from sight. The* First Warrior *enters with lance, shield and torch.*

First Warrior

This is the age-old grove, for Baldur's feast
Long hallowed. Close the hour of his worship
Is on us, yet my comrades roam afar.

[*He gives three loud blasts from his horn and listens. Three answering blasts are faintly heard from afar. He strikes upon his shield. Three Thralls appear.*

Set swift the tables, for the warriors come
To wassail and such comfort as the feast
Yields after battle. Brim the horns with mead,

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Light fires and the torches, braize the meats!

[*The Thralls obey. From the distance faintly sounds the chant of the marching Warriors, growing clearer and stronger as they approach.*

WARRIORS (*singing*)

We come from the gory
Death-field of the battle!
Glory to Odin, Valfadur on high!
To red Thor be glory,
Whose hammer-blows rattle,
Breaking the helms when he storms through the sky.
Valhalla! Valhalla!
To red Thor be glory,
Whose hammer-blows rattle,
Breaking the helms when he storms through the sky.

O weary and wounded
We come from the sharper
Slash of the swords in the bondage of gold.
Let praises be sounded
By skald and by harper
For heroes that feast with the heroes of old.
Valhalla! Valhalla!
Let praises be sounded
By skald and by harper
For heroes that feast with the heroes of old.

May Baldur the Golden
Grant joy to the table;
The light of his coming shall loose us from pain.
This forest of olden,
Red trees and the sable,
Soft earth yearn to gaze on his godhead again.

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Valhalla! Valhalla!
This forest of olden,
Red trees and the sable,
Soft earth yearn to gaze on his godhead again.

[*The Warriors now enter singing, armed, and with torches, led by* HALMAR, *the stalwart chief of the Warriors of the Westland. Wounded Warriors are aided by their fellows. One is borne in on a litter. All group themselves about the table and and fire, laying aside their arms. The* SOOTHSAYER *is with them.*

HALMAR

To Baldur's feast and his immortal wood,
My comrades, welcome. Still the ravens call
Their hordes where battle-meteors and white ghosts
Glare o'er the carnage and the shattered shields.
Oh, many a stalwart brother of our arms
Now the valkyries' stallions skyward bear,
And many lie on Hel's too-starless shore.
How many weary moons have fed us full
With daily battles of the sateless swords,
With watches, sieges and the flaming charge,
With hunger, and the anguish and the glut
Of slaughter! Now the golden gage is ours,
Since we have wrested from the snares of Death
Life and the right to life. Wherefore may Peace
Sheathe our worn brands and Plenty bide with us,
Plenty and joy and brotherly content.
Here, ever when the twelve-month's pageants pass,
And summer and the midnight summer moon
Gleam goldenmost, haste we from fields of strife,
From the red service of the thunderous Thor,
Homage to yield to Odin's gentler son—
Bright Baldur, god of good and happiness.

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THE SOOTHSAYER

The Ash-tree, Yggdrasil, grows dark and deep,
And ever at its roots the stern norns grave
Our fates on iron—and ever at its roots
Gnaws Nidhugg, scourge of man, life's canker-worm.
O Baldur, sun-god of the joy of youth,
Bide with us and sit throned above our feast!
Ere o'er the mountains of the morn thou raisest
Thy blinding shield whence Day darts unto earth,
Bide with us for a little in the wood.
Baldur, great Baldur, beam upon thy sons!

ALL

Baldur, great Baldur, beam upon thy sons!

HALMAR (*to Thrall*)

Boy, fill this drink-horn with the royal mead,
And as the parchèd dust of battle-plains
Drank the foe's blood, so, brothers, quaff you down
Your bumpers! and like blades that bit in flesh,
So fall ye on the meats! Our fathers joyed
In glory of the feast no less than war.
Like mountain fells they drank, like fires they ate—
Drained at a draught tall tankards and deep horns,
Ate bullocks whole and the fierce tusky boar,
So shame sit on our helmets if we fail!

[*The Warriors raise a shout. Boar's heads and great joints are brought in on trenchers. The Warriors eat and drink. A horn is brought to the* WOUNDED WARRIOR *on the litter.*

SECOND WARRIOR (*singing*)

Fill high the beakers blinking
With wine the brown hills grow!

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I sing the song of drinking,
  Of rare days long ago.
Drink! fellow Norse to fellow,
  Fill high the silver bowl
With blood red wine and yellow—
  Skoal to the wine-cup! skoal!

ALL (*singing*)

Skoal to the wine-cup! skoal!

SECOND WARRIOR (*singing*)

Blue grapes of red October,—
  The year's divinest birth!
When clouds roll cold and sober
  You warm our hearts to mirth.
Drink! merry men of battle;
  Earth were a sorry hole
Without the wine-cup's rattle—
  Skoal to the wine-cup! skoal!

ALL (*singing*)

Skoal to the wine-cup! skoal!

THIRD WARRIOR (*singing*)

In wine there is small pleasure;
  I sing the song of love!
Great Freya sends that treasure
  Pure from the halls above.
Drink to the captive maiden
  In tents our spears control;
With love her arms are laden—
  Skoal unto woman! skoal!

ALL (*singing*)

Skoal unto woman! skoal!

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SECOND WARRIOR (*singing drunkenly*)

Fill high—

[HALMAR *holds up his hand, commanding silence. The* WOUNDED WARRIOR, *being about to die, stretches out his arm toward his comrades.*

HALMAR

Drink not to pleasure first, but to the gods!
Drink to your ancient fathers—they who rest
With Odin in the vasty halls of light
Where swords for torches serve and where the broad
And golden plates fail never. Comrades all,
Drink to the living, drink unto the dead!
And to the dying—to the dying—skoal!

ALL (*slowly*)

Skoal! Skoal! Skoal!

[*The* WOUNDED WARRIOR *raises himself, grasps his horn, drains it, and flings it away. He seizes his broken sword, staggers to his feet and sings with growing force the Death Song.*

THE WOUNDED WARRIOR (*singing*)

The song of the dying!
  The song of the sword!
Valkyries are crying
  O'er battle and board.
The foe struck me sorest,
  But Hel hath his soul.
O god of the forest—
  Skoal to thee! skoal!

'Mid brands that were flashing,
  'Mid helms that were cleft,

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My red blade went crashing—
  Behold what is left!
By Thor and his thunder,
  His battle-car's roll—
O sword sprung asunder—
  Skoal to thee! skoal!

O steel pure and slender!
  O bride I adored!
To me thou wast tender,
  My mistress, my sword!
Thy lover lies broken,
  And thou art not whole;
The dark norns have spoken—
  Skoal to thee! skoal!

The flesh and the fishes,
  The mead and the wine
Give you joy, but the dishes
  Of gods shall be mine.
The battle did break me,
  And Earth hath her dole—
O death-maids come take me!
  Skoal to you! skoal!

Build the pile on the galley;
  On my shield let me rest—
Let me make my last sally
  With steel in my breast.
Farewell! speed his going
  Who nears the dark goal;
The red brooks are flowing—
  Skoal to you! skoal!

[*He falls dead on his pallet, his sword drops from his hand. Pale flashes are seen across the heavens.*

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Then from the skies are heard the calls of the valkyries, and their echoes on earth.

FOURTH WARRIOR

The vault is blinded by the Northern Lights!

FIFTH WARRIOR

'T is but the flickering lance-thrust of the storm.

HALMAR

The armor of the Choosers of the Slain
It is that flashes broadly to the moon.
Heard ye not thrice their clear valkyrie call?

FIRST WARRIOR

With silent hoofs their straining coursers smite
The cloud-borne steps to heaven. O happy charge
They lift to bliss on Asgard's silver plains!

HALMAR (*to the dead warrior*)

The warlike virgins to Valhalla bear thee!
The sword death, not the straw death was thine own.
Yea, thou art nobly fallen and shalt feast
At Odin's table, thou shalt feel no more
The racking of Life's struggle nor its toil.
The red war-galley, winking with bright shields,
Shall bear thee, mailed in fire, to daunt the sea
From this west shoreland to the shadowland.

THE SOOTHSAYER (*to the others*)

So parts he from us now whose hand was strength,
Whose blade broke only to the stroke of death,
And in whose blood the west seas poured their salt,
And Westland suns their fire. True heir was he
Of those bold fathers who in whilom days
Came hither on a quest for fabled gold.

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Renown be his who falls with sword in hand
In struggle with the endless ills of earth
And fell disasters from the loom of days.

FIRST WARRIOR

There let him lie, our brother, still our guest,
Deaf to the wassail, and his silent form
Shall fend from us the storms of ruder mirth.
'T is borne to us that Egypt's yellow kings
Do at their banquets seat a skeleton,
For Death sits guest within the House of Life,
And tears do fall like rain on Laughter's lips.

[*They lay the sword of the dead man by his side and cover him with his shield. Three or four Warriors see* LOKI's *gold and pounce upon it.*

SIXTH WARRIOR (*hugging it to his heart*)

O gold! O wonderful, O godlike gold!

SEVENTH WARRIOR

'T is mine! mine eye was first, though first thy hand.

EIGHTH AND NINTH WARRIORS

'T is ours! a common and a fourfold trove!

SIXTH WARRIOR

Mine it remains!

SEVENTH WARRIOR

Then speak! my tongue of iron!

[*He attacks the* SIXTH WARRIOR. *The two fight, circling about, with swords and bucklers. The others run for their swords and spears. They crowd around the fighters. Wild disorder and*

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uproar. HALMAR *runs forward and strikes up the blades of the fighters. The gold rolls to the ground.*

HALMAR

Hold! raging fools, set curbs upon your swords!
Lest with mine own I wreck the ribbèd shells
That house your shameless hearts! What horror here!
What brawls for dross and basest quarrels set
'Twixt brothers in the heart of Baldur's wood!
O crime to anger gods and sully men!
Shall your unboughten and strong steel of war
Be smirched with vilest murder? Lo, the curse
Of Loki and the glamour of his ore
Hath wrought this wrong on us.

SECOND WARRIOR (*singing at table*)

Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!
  Let others fight for plunder,
Good wine is more than gold!
  Go cleave your skulls asunder,
Your skulls shall soon be cold!
  Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha!

THE SOOTHSAYER

Accursèd mass,
Ember of Hel, as baneful as the mire
In caverns of the gnomes! have we not poured
Our veins to thee in slaughter-fields of life,
And felt thy yellow gyves through blindest days
On hands that drudged for demons? Wilt thou drag
Thy leprous bulk to bask amidst our joy
E'en in this holy wood? Say, shall we lose
Through thee the grace of gods and bloom of years,
And thou who shouldst be slave, become our king?

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HALMAR

Its lust is fiercer than the sword's—more fell
Than ruthless fire, and fouler than the snake
Its master, Loki, gat on Angerbode.

FIRST WARRIOR

It seems as sank a shadow on the feast—
The meats grow cold and bitter smacks the wine.

FOURTH WARRIOR

It is as if across our hearts the frost
Hath blown his arrows! There is evil here,
O Halmar, and the gods are stern and dumb.

HALMAR (*to Thrall*)

Take hence the bane and fling it to the sea!
The Midgard serpent shall it quell and crush,
Or straightly plunge with evil things to Hel.

[*The Thrall goes out. A bird in the trees sings for some time.*

FIRST WARRIOR

I hear the songbird of the night again,
And the sharp stars sit sparkling o'er the trees;
The spell is broken and the curse departs.

HALMAR

Yet Loki is a strong and wrathful god;
He works in outer silence and the dark,
In spaces underfoot and through the winds—
Baldur be with us!

FIRST WARRIOR

Not far lies Alfheim,
Where bright elves dwell and dance and woo the moon,—

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PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIEL MOULIN

A SCENE FROM "THE SONS OF BALDUR"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN DAYTIME DURING THE DRESS REHEARSAL

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Children are they of Baldur and the day,
Frail forms of light, and guardians of these trees,
And ever friends to man.

HALMAR

The quarrel frights
Them hence as storm winds drive the thistle-down—
On with the feasting! let no shadows thwart
This blithe, unended merriment of men.

[*The men make merry at the board.*

SECOND WARRIOR (*chanting*)

Good cronies come a-hasting;
Spill wine and spare your blood.
The gore ye would be wasting
The turf turns into mud.

O leave the bitter treasure!
Here's flesh and sweeter stuff;
Too soon our lengths we measure,
And Earth hath flesh enough.

[HILDING'S BOY *enters and kneels before* HALMAR.

HILDING'S BOY

Hilding, the skald, to Halmar greeting sends!
Would Halmar and his men of battle hear
The songs and sagas of their sires, O chief?

HALMAR

His harp shall charm the glad elves back again—
Go bid the skald appear.

ALL

The skald! the skald!

[HILDING'S BOY *goes out.*

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FIRST WARRIOR

Hilding the golden-voicèd skald is famed
Through all the land of Midgard, past the steeps
Of utmost Iceland to the peaks whose throats
Belch to the skies rash fire and oft-times mock
The gloaming of the gods. For as he sang
Of old unto our fathers so to us
He sings.

SECOND WARRIOR

He knows the Song of Western Men,
Of Love, and Life, of Woman, and of War.

THE SOOTHSAYER

Priceless to us the singer and his staves!
His gift is of the gods and lends to us
The ravishment that stirs the halls of heaven.
The tribes that love not song are steeped in night,
And they who treasure not the skald are doomed

For none without his word know after-fame.
And were not Saga and her makers ours,
Our deeds would perish—yea, all noble things
Would in the black marsh of the world be whelmed
And of their rays be shorn. The race of skalds
Be honored ever in this sunset land!
For they do honor men and to their hands
Give light that dies not ever.

FOURTH WARRIOR

Lo, he comes!

[*Enter* HILDING, *the skald, robed in white. He remains standing in the farther firelight and salutes the Warriors who lift their hands in greeting.* HILDING'S BOY *carries a harp on his back.*

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HILDING

Through the cope of night unlifted
Long with weary foot I strode;
Past the trees red torchlight sifted
And the owl through darkness rode.
And each pillar, beam and rafter
Of the forest rang with laughter
Loud from Baldur's green abode.

Unto Bragi grace for bringing
Me unto your woodland rites—

HALMAR

Welcome be! White Swan, whose singing
Gilds the world and stars the nights.

[HALMAR *goes to meet him and leads him to the great chair.* HILDING'S BOY *sets the harp before the scald.*

HILDING

Peace bide at your board, and pleasure!
Joy and plenty in full measure
And the viking's deep delights!

HALMAR

Bring unto snow-haired Hilding, Halmar's horn!

[*A Warrior brings the golden horn.* HILDING *drinks.*

ALL

Skoal be to Hilding! Skoal to the skald!

HALMAR

Great Hilding, skald in Midgard's land beloved,
Sing us the song of wine, of joy in life—
The fountain pure of youth that ne'er is sealed.

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ALL

The song of wine! O sing the song of wine!

HILDING (*singing*)

O wine! thou art gladness and glory—
  Thou art amber and blood in the bowl!
To sad hearts and locks that are hoary,
  Thou bringest back youth to the soul.
Thou art born of the sea and the thunder,
  Thou art wielder and worker of wonder—
Thou art joy! and thou breakest in sunder
  The fetters of care and of dole.

Hail to wine that lends life to the living!
  May the horns flow at table and shrine,—
Unto Baldur be praise and thanksgiving
  For gift and for glory,
  For gift and for glory,
  For gift and for glory of wine!

When the blade of the berserk lies shattered,
  Where waves of the battle rolled red,
When the foe into darkness flies scattered,
  We mourn for our war-fellows dead.
Then thou healest our wounds and our sorrow,
Then thou girdest us strong for the morrow
Then from draughts of the wine-cup we borrow
  The blood that our bosoms have shed.

ALL

Hail to wine that lends life to the living!
  May the horns flow at table and shrine—
Unto Baldur be praise and thanksgiving
  For gift and for glory,
  For gift and for glory,
  For gift and for glory of wine!

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HALMAR

Sing, Hilding, sing of woman and of love!

ALL

The song of woman! sing the song of love!

HILDING (*singing*)

O woman! like snow on the mountains,
When North Lights glow rosy and bright,
Is thy bosom's soft slope and its fountains
Of love on the peaks of delight.
When the clasps of thy white arms surround us,
And the seals of thy warm lips have crowned us,
In the chains of thy charms thou hast bound us,
And Freya makes golden the night.

Hail, woman! all honor be given
To thine arms that enfold us with love;
By thy smile all Hel's blackness is riven,
And Valhall is brighter,
And Valhall is brighter,
And Valhall is brighter above!

When we dream of the wife and the mother,
The tears of our yearning arise;
When the true lover dreams of one other,
His armour grows warm to his sighs.
Then the steel of his bright helmet shows him
The high-bosomed virgin who throws him
The kisses and smiles that she owes him
Then Thor gives him back to her eyes.

ALL

Hail, woman! all honor be given
To thine arms that enfold us with love;
By thy smile all Hel's blackness is riven,

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And Valhall is brighter,
And Valhall is brighter,
And Valhall is brighter above!

HALMAR

'T is meet thy mouth of gold should sing the love,
O Hilding, and the holy worth of women!
Vouchsafe us, too, the lofty song of song.

ALL

The song of the skalds! sing us the song of song!

HILDING (*singing*)

Lift the song that rings sweeter and rarer
Than tongues of the wind in the wood;
Strike the harp that binds stronger and fairer
The links of our high brotherhood.
So the lips that are golden with singing,
So the strings that are silvern with ringing,
Over Midgard's deep vales may be flinging
Their beauty for Baldur the Good.

Hail to song! whose stars die not, but glisten
On the brows of the fair and the strong—
All the gods throned in Asgard now listen
To saga and story,
To saga and story,
To saga and story and song!

Thou art spur to the heart of the fighter;
Thou art honey, and salt of the sea,
And our feast for thy strains is far brighter,
And far gladder the tent and the tree.
Great mother of fame! Bragi's daughter,
Who art solace and balm after slaughter—
Oh, thou turnest to wine the dark water
Of life and thou bidd'st us be free!

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ALL

Hail to song! whose stars die not, but glisten
On the brows of the fair and the strong—
All the gods throned in Asgard now listen
To saga and story,
To saga and story,
To saga and story and song!

HALMAR

Hilding, we thank thee, yea, the gods we thank!
For thou from out the earth in every heart
Call'st forth sweet flowers from the idle seed.
Wherefore, take thou—poor meed for thy rich song—
This chain, these stones.

[HALMAR *takes from his neck his triple chain of gems and gold and places it around the neck of* HILDING. *The skald rises and bows his head.*

ALL

Skoal unto Hilding, skoal!

FIRST WARRIOR (*gazing anxiously about*)

Some wizard or some troll within this vault
Has cast on us his hatred and his spells.

HALMAR

Perchance thy heart is harried by the ghosts
Of strife that vexed the air, or Loki's curse;
Yet are they fled, as evil flees from song.

HILDING (*starting from his seat*)

Alfheim's land is strange with stillness—
Not one elf with shining wing
Drives afar this brooding illness
That lies dark o'er everything.

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And the winds grow sharp and bitter,
For I see no white robes glitter;
Hear no silver elf-horns ring.

HALMAR

Fear not! Lo, these trees are towers,
And they guard our earthly dreams—

HILDING

Old were they when earth's young hours
Laved their crowns with crimson gleams.

HALMAR

They from Loki's craft shall fend us;
Here no Fenris-wolf shall rend us—

HILDING

Hark! all Alfheim runs and screams!

FOURTH WARRIOR

Oh, hear! across the glade a wailing comes.

[*Faint twinkling lights are seen amidst the foliage, and the flutter of the white robes of the White Elves in flight. Their frail voices are heard in wails. "Oh, flee! Oh, flee! dread are the feet that near!" The lights and voices pass.*

FIRST WARRIOR

The elves rush by!—their wands of moon-white fire
They wave, and fly from wolves of fright unknown,
And the calm owls and eagles answer them.

HALMAR

Ever these gentle sprites have blessed our grove—
Alas! they leave us now when song is done.
Is it that Loki's hate hath scared them hence?
Hath Baldur left his sons?

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SECOND WARRIOR

The feast be sped!
And halt not—yea, though devils seek to thwart
Our goodly rites and cheer! the feast be sped!

[*The Black Elves are heard hissing and yelling with laughter in the wood. They pursue the White Elves with lurid torches.*

FIRST WARRIOR

Loki's squat and thrice-damned imps, the elves of night,
Hound from the wood the kindly fays that guard
Our revels by the fires.

[*The western skies begin to glow faintly with a dull and evil-boding red.*

FIRST WARRIOR

Oh, see! the skies
Above the western mountain-crest are struck
To wrath!

FIFTH WARRIOR

Now march the fires of Muspelheim
Bent fiercely 'gainst our lives! they come to claim
Their prey of man and tree.

FOURTH WARRIOR

'T is but the light
Flung sheer from the fire-beard of raging Thor
Athwart the clouds. For now his swift rams draw
His car in thunder o'er the smoking pole
In battle 'gainst the giants of the mist.

SECOND WARRIOR

O fools! 't is dawn, for moon and stars are dead.

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THE SOOTHSAYER

Not Muspel's fires, nor Thor's red slaughter-locks,
Nor dawn, nor day, that from the mountain spines
Flames up the welkin to destroy the world.
It is the end-all and the night of things!
The spawn of time roars cloudward to Valhall,
And the earth-spanning rainbow falls to wreck
'Neath giants' feet. This day, O men, the earth
And all the dead heavens shall be made anew—
'T is Ragnarok—the twilight of the gods!

[*A groan goes up. The glow grows brighter.*

ALL

Oh, woe upon us! we that came for joy!

HALMAR

On the hoar mountainside by thunder carved,
Slope to the fjord black where sea-hawks nest,
I read in youth the runes that cannot lie—
And true it is that Ragnarok hath come.

ALL (*in monotone*)

O Baldur! Oh, shield us!

HALMAR

Heimdal's faithful horn
Now clamors through Valhalla and the throne
Of Odin sinks in ruin and his halls
Stand bannered with vast fire and with death.
The mountain monsters and the jotuns shag,
And Niflheim's enormous race uprise
To rend the sceptered gods.

FIRST WARRIOR

Yet fear we not,

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Though men, to die when gods no more shall live.

HALMAR

Would, brothers, we might swing our swords with Thor
To whelm the flame-land ogres! Peace lies dead
And the eight lordly rivers of the world
Pour blood, and withered is the tree of life.
Heaven's castles and its gilded ramparts bright
Are broken, and to ash their splendor falls,
And the red rains drop down the cloven sky.

FIRST WARRIOR

Yet fiercely leaps this hard and haggard steel,
And smoulders in the fallow glare of doom!

[*The glow grows greater.*

ALL (*in monotone*)

O Baldur! Oh, shield us!

HALMAR

Here let us sit
Fast by this board piled with our last brave feast!
Mute and unmoving let us sit with swords
Of stubborn edge and shields of sullen front
And wait the end.

ALL (*in monotone*)

O Baldur! Oh, shield us!

HALMAR (*to the trees*)

O lords of all the Westland woods, the dusk
That whelms the gods, shall make you suns of noon!
Lift up your funeral beacons and huge brands!
Your torches tall to light earth's end and heaven's
And the sea's broken deeps!

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FIRST WARRIOR

Then shall ye fall
Down toppling to the gnashing fangs of flame
To build our pyres.

[*The glow grows stronger. A voice rings from the woods.*

THE VOICE OF THE PEASANT

Oh, fly! the helbeast comes!
O masters, fly!

[*The* PEASANT *rushes in full of terror, dishevelled and stained with dust. He wrings his hands and falls on his knees before* HALMAR.

HALMAR

What hath the night spewed forth?
Rise, bondman, speak thy tidings, though of dread.

THE PEASANT

O horror! masters, horror! all is lost!
The land lies blasted! all the hills are hearths
Of coals! his breath of poison rots the air—
The fields he blights and blows the cattle dead;
The earthquake marks the trampling of his steps!
Mad fire paves his path! Before his feet the meads
Lie green—all black behind. The villages
Are heaps of ashes and the mangled flesh
Of dead men chokes the ground! on roads of blood
The monster winds and runs.

HALMAR

What monster, tell!

THE PEASANT

Nidhugg! From out the smoking sea he rose

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And lay upon the strand and shook his scales,
And bellowed like a bull. Three leagues his length
Rolled, armed with claw and crest. Then heard I call
The voice of Loki from the burning sward
That redly flamed, while all the sea burned green;
"Nidhugg, art here?" and thrice the dragon droned:
"Aye, father, at thy call thy son hath come."

HALMAR

It is not Ragnarok! the gods still live
In old Valhalla, still for us, their sons,
Their hearts are lit with mercy. Berserks all!
Arouse and arm 'gainst Loki and his son!

[LOKI *appears half way up the hill. He holds a spiked mace in his hand.*

LOKI

Accursèd brood of men! I send
My hate on all!
Soon shall my trusty Nidhugg wend
Here at my call.

Swift at my hest he crawls apace
Straight to his sire.
Here shall ye meet him face to face
And taste his ire.
Not Baldur's trees shall break or bar
His lust for life,
Since Gold, my ancient slave, did mar
Your feast with strife.

The trap I laid full well was set,
And straight ye fell—
So now in you Woe's hag shall get
Her glut in Hel.
On Loki gaze! who hears you shriek!
On Baldur cry!

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Then curse your helpless god and weak,
And, cursing, die!

HALMAR

Hence, demon! Know that Baldur's holy grove
Stands proofed against thee and thy dragon foul
As firm as stand our hearts, or cliffs that break
The onset of the sea.

[LOKI *vanishes.*

FIRST WARRIOR

Arm! comrades, arm!
Arm 'gainst the world!

ALL (*in monotone*)

O Baldur! Oh, shield us!

HALMAR

Sons of the Westland, ye who know not fear,
And who, unshaken all, heard Loki's boast,
Lift your deep-dinted targes; let your glaives
Unhumbled by long wars, now sap the gorge
Of Hel's flame-spewing beast. Raise, Hilding, raise
The prayer to Baldur who shall guide our steel!

HILDING (*singing*)

Black grows the gloom that the demon has sown;
Red are the flames and the skies in their glaring;
Loki, the evil, and Nidhugg unsparing
Move on the forest that shelters thy throne.

Sharpen the teeth of our swords and with anger
Madden the spears that must thwart him and slay—
Bide with us, Baldur, O bide with the clangor
Of shields and the clash of the swords in the fray.

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ALL (*singing*)

Baldur, O Baldur, aid us, O fairest
Soul of the summer and heart of the sun;
Swing o'er thy grove the white staff that thou bearest—
Baldur, O Baldur, O Beautiful One!

[*The glow breaks over the hill.*

HILDING (*singing*)

Lord of the light, shall the beast of the dark,
Prey on the grove where thy children are calling?
The fangs of grim Nidhugg are iron—Oh, hark!
Through oaks and through pines the foul monster is crawling!

[*The crash of toppling trees is heard.*

Spare us the wood that thy sons may be grateful,
Spare us fair Midgard, O hearken our cry!
O Baldur, send bane upon Nidhugg the hateful—
Oh, bring us the peace that earth knoweth thee by!

ALL (*singing*)

Baldur, O Baldur, aid us, O fairest
Soul of the summer and heart of the sun;
Swing o'er thy grove the white staff that thou bearest—
Baldur, O Baldur, O Beautiful One!

[*As the prayer ends, the foreground grows ever darker, the glow on the hill ever brighter. The dragon, Nidhugg, is seen crawling down, belching white mist and fire. He appears and disappears on his path. When the prayer closes and the dragon has almost reached the level ground, appears on a rocky crag jutting out on the left, the shining form of* BALDUR. *He is armed with two long silver spears. Nidhugg darts his fiery breath at*

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him. The god casts one of the spears at the monster, who dies. The Warriors, who had retreated to both sides, advance again. BALDUR *leans upon his other spear, its point down, and smiles upon his sons.*

HALMAR

O mighty master, O hallowed lord of loveliness and power,
The Worm in his death-throes lieth and his bale-fire groweth dim.
Thou comest, O snow-white Asa, in the dark, doom-boding hour—
The strength of Odin is with thee and the gods that are true to him.

[*The red glow vanishes utterly.*

Not yet the youngest day is born nor the oldest night is sped;
The hidden norns have woven hope through the murky woof of days;
Still the god's twilitten end is far and the dreadful dream is fled;
Hear thou, great god of the flow'ring world, thy grateful children's praise!

ALL (*singing*)

Thou art come, O god of the lily lance, and the dragon's day is done!
And we who gathered for feasting stand safe in thy beaming, O sun!
Hail, Baldur, son of great Odin—Hail, Baldur, brother of Thor,
Thy forest fanes have peace of the scourge and our hearts know joy once more.

Till the waves of time have ceased to roll, till earth in the flame-flood burn,

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When the tawny manes of the acres float on thy breath,
to thee we turn
A thousand and a thousand years, till the seas of the
uttermost west
Shall soar in fire to the halls of the gods and the gods fall
dispossessed.

[BALDUR *raises his arm toward the hill where the lights of the White Elves are seen returning in joyous dance. Now a golden glow begins to light the woods.*

Thou shalt bend our brows to Beauty's rule and her fairer,
farther light;
Our hearts shall be holpen by thought of thee and our
brands be first in fight.
Though the ashes of ages whelm our race, their fall shall
be as snow
From the hollow hands of the elder gods on Midgard's
land below.

What realms that our dreams have builded, when the after-
ages break
From new stars blue as battle-blades, shall bless us for
thy sake?
That we kept thy flame alive in hearts that beat by the
western sea,
Hearts spent by the thunder-throated Thor that lift their
thanks to thee.

[BALDUR *stretches out his long white lance and from its end white flowers fall.*

From the strife of the splintered war-shafts, with bleed-
ing hands and numb,
The shards of our broken souls we bring when to thy
shrine we come,
There the wine of our veins is blent with balm thy hands
of healing pour

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When thy summer smiles in gladness on this golden, sunset shore.

[*The white and golden radiance covers the hillside behind* BALDUR. *With his sun-shield and white spear leaning against his shoulder, he stretches out his arms in blessing over his sons who lift on high their swords, spears, and shields.*

Forever in lands of the western men where the happy earth is young,
O Baldur, thy yearly feast be held and thy yearly tale be sung!
So new sons, when the mould hath covered us, may seek and still worship thee,
And thy woodland halls may hoard our songs in the dawn of the days to be.

[BALDUR *vanished slowly but the glory of light he has brought remains and floods the skies with its splendor.*

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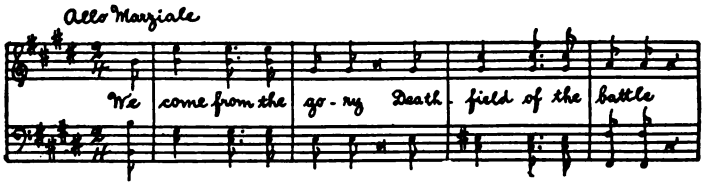
NOTE ON THE MUSIC

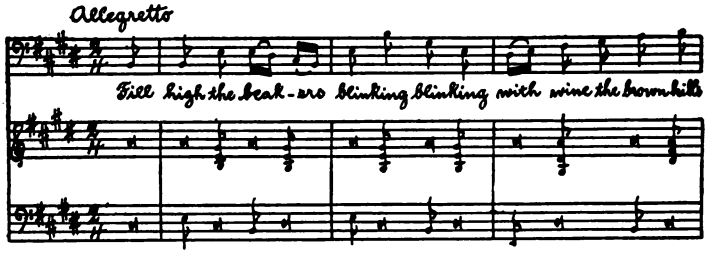
By Arthur Weiss

The overture to "The Sons of Baldur" is a tonal sketch of the play. It is composed from the different themes and motives sung by the soloists and choruses, and serves to put the audience in the proper mood for the play itself.

The Sons of Baldur—an imaginary Norse tribe, symbolical of the Bohemians—return from battle and gather for the yearly feast held in honor of Baldur, the god of summer and of good. This comprised the opening musical number. After a short orchestral introduction, the chorus, as it marches, renders its introductory battle-chant:



The feast begins and the Second Warrior, an embodiment of the joy of living, sings a drinking song:



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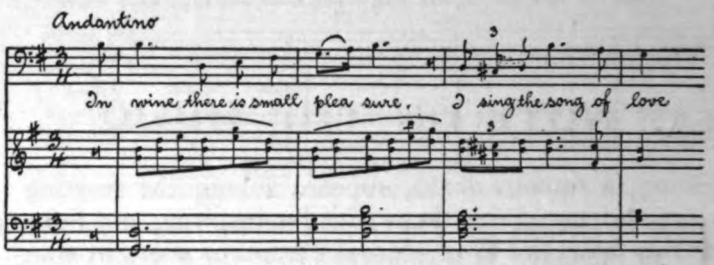
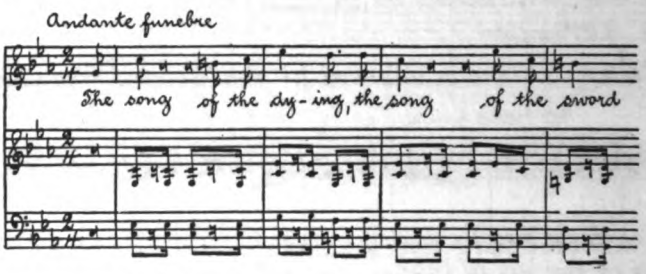
The Third Warrior introduces a sweeter and more sensuous note:



After the two warriors' songs, Halmar, the chief of the Westlanders, suggests a toast to their gods and to their ancient fathers, who now rest and feast with Odin.

The Wounded Warrior, a type of the man who goes down in the struggle of life, but bravely, "with sword in hand," now responds to the challenge and sings the Death Song:



The serenity of the feast is interrupted by a fierce fight among certain warriors over a lump of gold, which had been dropped by Loki, the god of evil, for the purpose of breeding dissension. Halmar steps in and separates the fighting warriors. The men gather once more around the tables. The convivial Second Warrior expresses his world-wise sentiments with the following little song accompanied by the other warriors:

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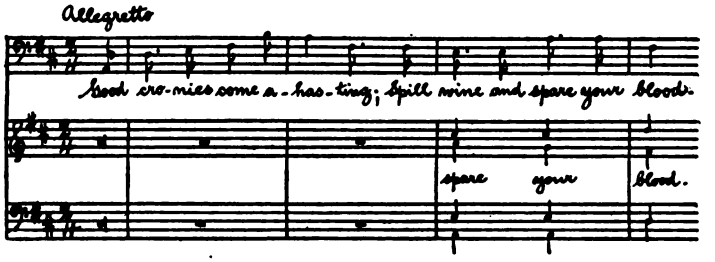
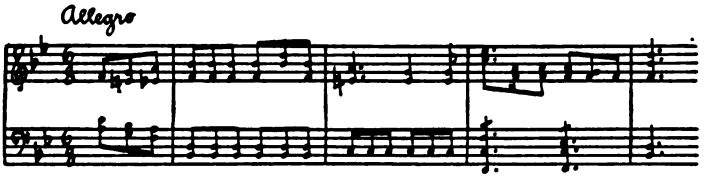
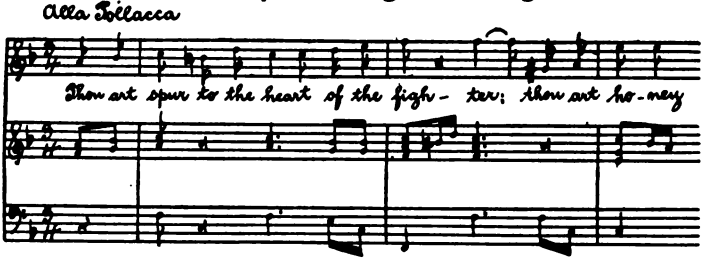


Hilding, a famous skald, appears among the feasting warriors and entertains them with his inspiring and lofty variations upon the three eternal themes of wine, woman and song. Hilding's songs are written in rondo form, each verse carrying a different theme with the repeated themes of the respective choruses. The Song of Wine begins with a recitative and is built upon the following theme:



The Song of Wine is followed by the Song of Woman:

This is succeeded by the Song of the Sagas:



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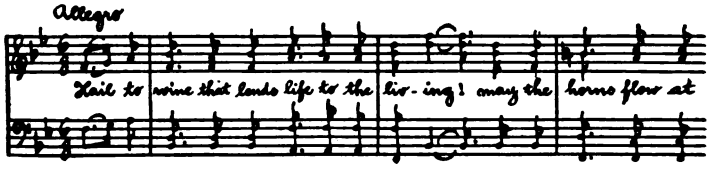
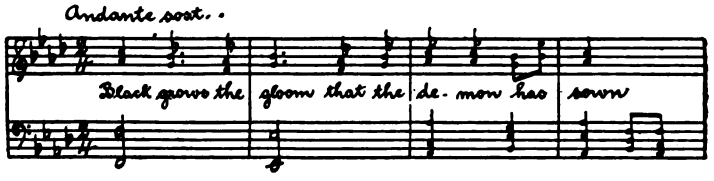
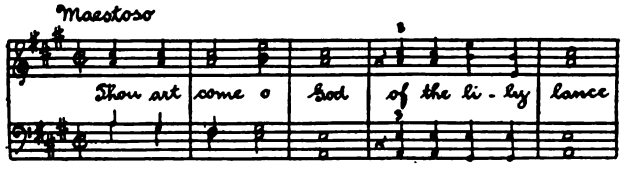
All three of the songs indicated above have the same "Hail" refrain, which is sung by the chorus at the close of each verse:



At this stage the action of the play changes, and fear and terror seize upon the feast. The skies redden and the Soothsayer announces the coming of Ragnarok, the twilight of the gods. This, however, turns out to be only the approach of the dragon, Nidhugg, sent by Loki to destroy the woods and the worshipers. The warriors, urged on by Halmar, arm against Nidhugg. Halmar beseeches Hilding to raise a prayer to Baldur in order that he may save them from the dreaded monster. Hilding raises his voice and invokes the god:



Baldur appears in response to the prayer of Hilding and slays the dragon with his lance. Hereupon, the whole tribe, delivered from the evil, gives thanks to Baldur in the final hymn:



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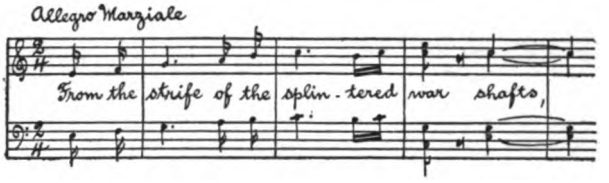
This hymn is completed by a joyous triumphal march at the moment the dead dragon is borne down stage by the warriors in the procession of the Cremation of Care.



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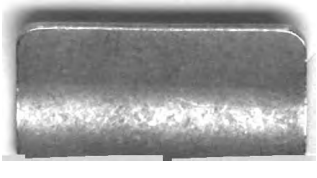

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